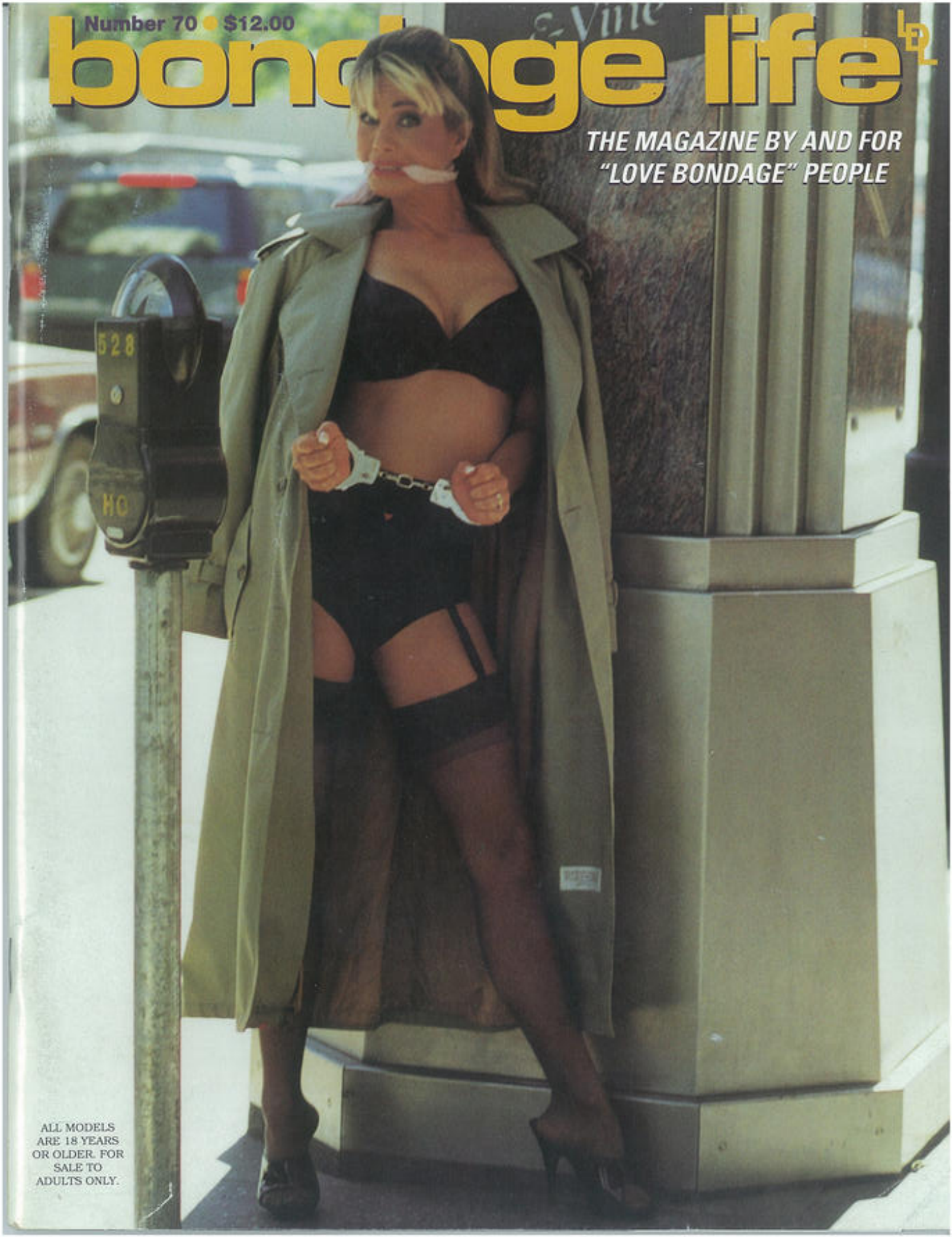
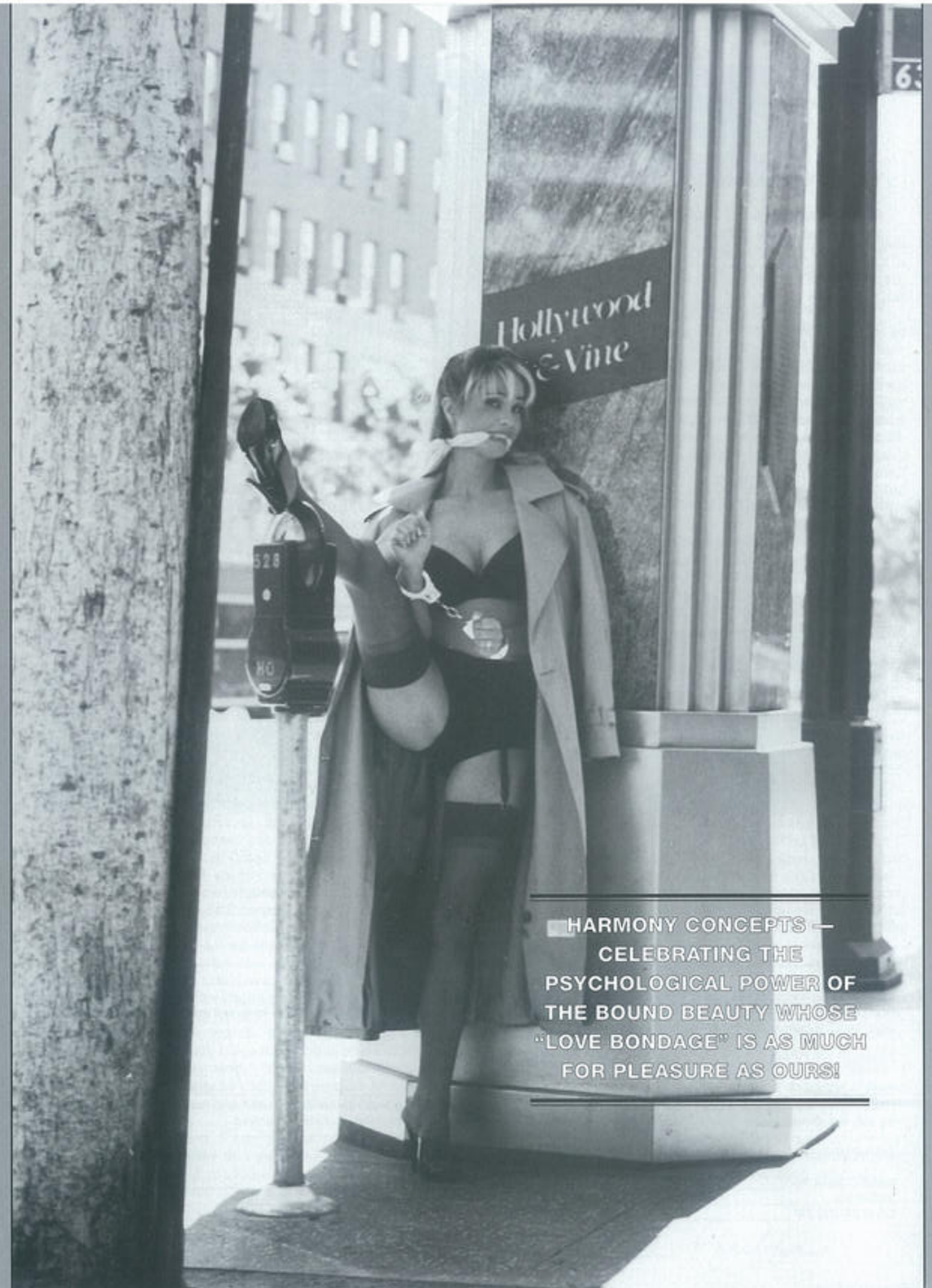

Number 70 • $12.00
bondage life
THE MAGAZINE BY AND FOR
"LOVE BONDAGE" PEOPLE
ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS OR OLDER. FOR SALE TO ADULTS ONLY.

"It was wonderfully exciting, almost kinky for lack of a better word, to be out in public, on a crowded city street. I had fun knowing people were watching. I've done a lot of flashing for videos and photographs, but never with handcuffs and gag... I just kept thinking, 'So that's why people were looking so funny,' and I thought, 'What if a cop appears!' I wouldn't be able to get the cuffs off and the gag pulled down in time to keep him from seeing what was going on. But, I had the *best* time watching the photographer's reaction. It was Chelsea who was having a hard time, between worrying about me and the getting the shot and trying to keep the coast clear, I thought it was funny that she was having the hardest time of it."

Catalina L'Amour



HARMONY CONCEPTS — CELEBRATING THE PSYCHOLOGICAL POWER OF THE BOUND BEAUTY WHOSE "LOVE BONDAGE" IS AS MUCH FOR PLEASURE AS OURS!

New HARMONY *Releases*

VIDEOS
SEPTEMBER

THE LOIS SYNDROME (WD-28) starring Kelsie Chambers
Reporter Kelsie gets caught while snooping around the lair of "The Baroness."
60 Minutes • $30 VHS or PAL-VHS
WRINKLED SOLE DELIGHT (GBF-1) starring Eve Ellis
Producer Dominic Wolfe debuts his new line of barefoot bondage videos!
60 Minutes • $45 VHS or PAL-VHS
SWEET CATALINA & MISTRESS SCARLET VAIN (CL-1)
Catalina L'Amour portrays both mistress and submissive in this stylish, innovative bondage production.
60 Minutes • $45 VHS or PAL-VHS

OCTOBER

SECURITY BREACH (WD-29) starring Catalina L'Amour
An office full of women are bound and gagged by a master thief.
60 Minutes • $30 VHS or PAL-VHS
TICKLE-TIME TRAINING (TK-19) starring Sadie Atkins

A pair of gorgeous ladies prepare for a bondage tickling video.
60 Minutes • $30 VHS or PAL-VHS
THE MIGHT DUO VS. VICE (UC-16) starring Devon Demoore
A wicked villainess plots bondage revenge on two superheroines.
48 Minutes • $30 VHS or PAL-VHS

NOVEMBER

GAG-TALK (GB-19) starring Christina, Destiny & Michelle
Heavy emphasis on lovely ladies bound and trying to talk through the BIG, MOUTH-FILLING and often THOROUGHLY LAYERED signature Dominic Wolfe gags.
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DESIGNER BONDAGE (DUOS-8) starring Sabrina Stone and Tasha Welch

Sabrina doesn't quite know what she's getting into when she accepts a modeling job with a brilliant new lingerie designer. It isn't long before she finds out that Tasha has decided to debut a new controversial line of lingerie that includes bondage!
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An art smuggler's girlfriend and a plucky female detective get caught up in mischief over a smuggled statue of a South Pacific idol.
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OCTOBER
Bondage Life #68 ($12)
Bondage Fantasies #25 ($9)

NOVEMBER
Harmony's Best Buxom Bondagettes #19 ($9)
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CITY/ STATE/ ZIP_____

EDITORIALINES

What's it like to be Editor of a Bondage Magazine? Some days it's as exciting as one might imagine — like the day we took the picture for the cover of this issue which got about as exciting as I could ever want. We dressed Catalina L'Amour, the wonderful woman on the cover, in her black lingerie and heels, slipped a huge T-shirt over her, packed up the car with camera, film and two bodyguards (honest!) and headed for the world famous corner of Hollywood and Vine. Once we finally found a parking space, Catalina removed her oversized T-shirt, put on her trench coat and climbed out of the car.

As I gathered up the loaded camera, handcuffs and scarf for the gag, the reality of the situation began to occur to me. Even though I'd scouted the location the day before, I wasn't quite sure what we might encounter. The day before, just down the street at the Chinese Theater, Al Pacino placing his hand and foot prints in cement had drawn a huge crowd. Today there wasn't much foot traffic, but there was LOTS of automobile traffic. And here I was, planning to have Catalina cuffed and gagged and flashing bondage. My heart pounded as I briefly visualized myself phoning Robert Harmon to come and bail a lingerie clad Catalina, a fully clothed me and our two bodyguards out of jail.

I scanned the scene for potential problems, but found none and decided I was being too paranoid— after all, in panties, bra, stockings and garter-belt, Catalina was more dressed than many a beach bunny...except we weren't at the beach. So we marched to our corner where we found a lone businessman standing, waiting for something or someone, but certainly not us. We briefly considered asking him to wait elsewhere, but thought that might just make him curious. I asked Catalina if she minded his presence — she didn't and we proceeded. I handcuffed her and waited for the businessman's reaction. No reaction so, fine, then I gagged her. Still no reaction, from anyone anywhere. Dear, sweet, wonderful, un-uptight Hollywood! With shaking hands, I set up the shot as best I could and was aware that this was the moment of truth — the moment I'd lost much sleep over the night before. I tried to focus my attention on Catalina only, and asked her to turn around. She swung around, let the coat fall open and posed for all she was worth. My breath caught in my throat as finally we got a reaction from our audience of one. He said, "Oh my God." Yeah, really! That made Catalina blush, but still, he didn't scream or freak out in any other way, and no one was rushing forward to stop us.

We were emboldened. I started taking more pictures, she started getting racier and put her foot up on the parking meter... Still no big reactions! None of the people waiting at the stoplight even glanced our way. If any of them had noticed at all, they weren't about to bring it to our attention. Here I was, experiencing one of the most daredevil moments of my life, and no one thought it was in the least bit strange. Maybe they weren't really paying attention. I mean, in that part of town, the less you pay attention the safer you are — but a woman in lingerie, cuffs and a gag? Well, maybe it's because I'm who I am, but that would have made me stare.

By this time we were feeling very brave, so we decided to try getting more shots at other locations around town. We jumped back into the car and drove over to a newsstand down the street. We were noticed there by the guy who was running the stand. As he came running toward me I almost passed out. Instead, when he said we couldn't shoot there, I just said, "Okay, no problem," put my arm around Catalina and stepped away...quickly. Now I was ready to call it a day, but Catalina was just getting warmed up, so we went to a popular hot-dog stand. She got out of the car and stood in front of a long line of folks waiting to order hot dogs for lunch. They all had their backs to her and no one saw a thing. We took two pictures and she climbed back in. We all laughed (a little nervously) and one of our bodyguards said he felt like we'd just performed some kind of high school prank.

We were getting seriously amped, and bolder by the moment, so we headed off to Wilshire Boulevard, found a good spot and waited for a bus to pull up to the curb. When one did, Catalina started flashing again and I started taking pictures. Again, people may have noticed, but they all respectfully kept their distance! Two elderly women, walking in opposite directions, walked right past Catalina. One didn't notice the virtual Goddess of Bondage Sexuality posing for pictures. The other did, but it didn't dawn on her until after she'd passed Catalina by. She backtracked a couple of steps, leaned in front of Catalina to make sure she saw what she thought she saw, looked up at Catalina who smiled at her, and looked back at me (I smiled at her). She laughed slightly and then went on her way. Bet she had a tale to tell when she got back home.

Catalina and our bodyguards had all kinds of ideas now, and I'm sure we could have spent the entire day, 'til the sun left the sky, shooting pictures here and there all over town. But I started to feel as though we'd been lucky — perhaps a little *too* lucky — and my heart started doing that pounding thing again. That's when I knew I'd had enough. I'd been ready for the worst possible scenario, but got the best instead. I was happy to head home. That wasn't quite the end of it though, so exciting was our adventure that I remained amped for the next few days while I waited to get the photos back from the film processor. I stayed worked up for so long, I started wondering if I was ever going to get over it! So that's what it's like to be editor of a bondage magazine. Then again, some days it's just like *your* job — sitting at a desk in front of a computer trying to keep up with the latest "yesterday" deadline, and answering a phone that seems to never stop ringing...

Blessed little phone.

Chelsea Pfeiffer

bondage life

NUMBER 70

PUBLISHER: Robert Q. Harmon
EDITOR: Chelsea Pfeiffer
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Jon Woods, Robert Harmon
MEDIA COLUMNIST: Carl McGuire
ART DIRECTOR: Carlos Stagg
EDITORIAL STAFF: Jamie Harmon, Aaron James, Mark Adolfio

BONDAGE LIFE Number 70, January 1998 (1963-LH)

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This magazine is published in the interest of informing and educating the adult public of the various forms and means of sexual expression. It is the publisher's belief that every adult has the right to view such material. Any similarity between the fictional or semi-fictional persons or places portrayed in this publication and real places or persons is strictly coincidental. All persons depicted in this publication are professional models, at least 18 years of age, portraying fictional roles. This magazine is not intended for minors. Under no circumstances are minors to be offered, possess or purchase this publication.

The depictions of Love Bondage in this Harmony magazine convey the satisfactions that men and women experience together when they practice bondage within the context of mutual trust and consent. We strongly discourage readers from imitating these depictions by themselves, outside the boundaries of a loving relationship, and without an alert partner.

Records pursuant to 18 U.S.C. § 2257 are in the custody of Robert Q. Harmon, Custodian of Records, 13005 Victory Blvd., C-70, North Hollywood, California 91606.

All models are 18 years of age or older — proof on file — adults only.

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Didn't a socially sensitive dominatrix once say, What's good for the gals is good for the guys? Political correctness comes to bondage.

J.R. IN OVERDRIVE!

with Allison Brach

Bondage photographer/artist, J.R. of Ohio, accents the best aspects of veteran Harmony model Allison Brach.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE LOVE BONDAGE COMMUNITY:

The first time this survey was published was in August, 1986 in BL25. We realize things within our Love Bondage community may have changed a great deal since then, so we decided to run the same survey again to compare new responses with responses from the first time around. The original results to this survey were published in BL27, but if you have that magazine, don't look at the responses before you fill out this one. *Even if you filled out this survey the first time,* your tastes may have changed and you may find that you've been strongly influenced since then by someone or something new. We've evidence that there may be some changes, since we've had to add a few choices to allow for new technology, or possible preferences of which we've only recently been made aware! We feel this questionnaire will still provide you with the opportunity to answer most precisely concerning your influences as well as your likes or dislikes of varying restraints, costumes, locations *et al.* Please use this as a chance to express just *how much* you love (or hate!) each of the many choices offered. Please respond as completely and thoughtfully as you can. We think you'll enjoy using the ratings scales that have been devised — but no rating system can substitute for your unique insights and opinions. So, be sure to add your comments once you've exhausted the potentials of numerical scores. You need not identify yourself, of course, but it you do, all data will be treated with strict confidentiality.

DEMOGRAPHIC DATA
SEX: M F
AGE: 21-35 36-50 51-65 66+
MARITAL STATUS: Single Married
OCCUPATION:_____
EDUCATION (Highest Level Completed):_____
LOCATION (City and state only):_____

DO YOU HAVE:
A VCR?_____
A VIDEO CAMERA?_____
INTERNET ACCESS?_____
CD ROM CAPABILITY?_____

FORMATIVE EXPERIENCES
On a scale of 0 to 10 (0 = no influence at all; 10 = greatest possible influence), please rate the influence of the following on the development of your original interest in bondage:
Comic book(s)_____
Comic strip(s)_____
Movie scene(s)_____
Television scene(s)_____
Detective magazine(s)_____
Book(s)_____
Bondage games (Cowboys and Indians, etc.)_____

Adult Media:
Magazines_____
Photo packs_____
Films_____
Books_____
Videos_____
Comics_____
Other_____
(Please describe)_____

PRESENT PRACTICES
Using the same 0 to 10 scale, please rate the importance of the following in your current bondage practices:

Conventional Media:
Comics_____
Movies_____
Television_____
Video_____
Books_____
Magazines_____
Internet_____

Adult Media:
Magazines_____
Photo packs_____
Films_____
Books_____
Videos_____
Comics_____
Internet_____

Paraphernalia:
Rope_____
Cuffs_____
Gags_____
Leatherwear_____
Rubber or Latex wear_____
Spandex_____
Other_____
(Please describe)_____

Do you have an exclusive partner?_____
Do you correspond with others?_____
Do you like to create photos, videos, drawings, or fictions?_____
Other_____
(Please describe)_____

We urge you to expand on these ratings by attaching extra sheets with fuller descriptions of important early influences (can you point to any *one* comic book or movie scene, for example, that triggered your interest in bondage?) and present interests. You may wish to structure your comments in the form of a "bondage autobiography," a personal history that will provide a more individual account than ratings can.

(continued on next page)

PREFERENCES
Please rate your reactions to *all* the alternatives in the following categories along a scale from +10 (totally desirable/basic to my bondage experiences) to -10 (totally undesirable/alien to my bondage experience), with 0 signifying indifference. For example, if you love cloth gags, mildly enjoy tape gag, and strongly dislike ballgags, you might rate them something like this: cloth, +9; tape, +2; ball, -7.

Restraints:
Rope_____
Cuffs_____
Leather straps_____
Cloth strips_____
Scarves_____
Straitjacket_____
Rubber or Latex wear_____
Spandex strips_____
Other_____
(Please describe)_____

Gags:
Cloth_____
Tape_____
Ballgag_____
Discipline helmet_____
Leather strap_____
Med-wrap_____
Spandex_____
Other_____
(Please describe)_____

Positions:
Standing_____
Sitting_____
Kneeling_____
Lying_____
Hogtied_____
Suspended_____
Spread-eagled_____
Other_____
(Please describe)_____

Locations:
Bedroom_____
Living Room_____
Bathroom_____
Office_____
Dungeon_____
Car_____
Outdoors_____
Other_____
(Please describe)_____

Costumes:
Lingerie_____
Streetwear_____
Sleepwear_____
Rubber or Latex wear_____
Spandex_____
Uniforms_____
(Please specify. Examples: Nurse, Stewardess)
Fantasy costumes_____
(Please specify. Examples: Cowgirl, Jungle Queen)
Topless_____
Full nude_____
Other_____
(Please describe)_____

Footwear:
High heels_____
Ultra high heels_____
Boots_____
Sneakers_____
Socks_____
Stockinged feet_____
Bare feet_____
Other_____
(Please describe)_____

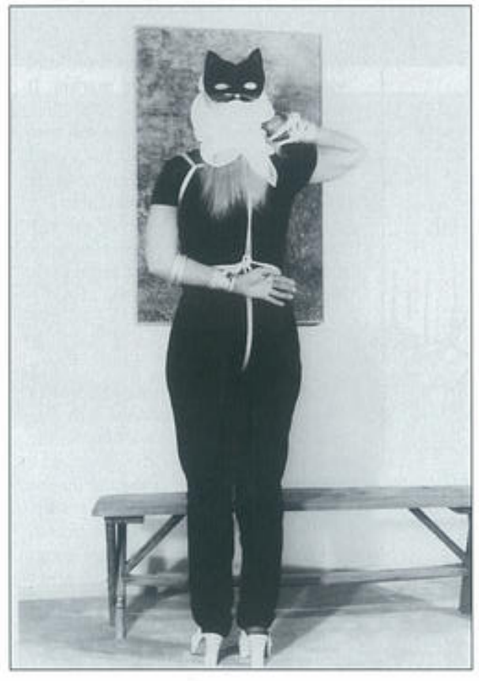
Bondage fantasies for me are most satifying when they are:
Disciplinary in nature_____
Sensual in nature_____
Meditative in nature_____
Damsel-in-Distess oriented_____

We certainly hope that you'll discuss your preferences at greater length on a separate sheet of paper. After all, we've had to present you with very generalized alternatives; dealing with all potential variations would have resulted in a survey that used up most of the magazine! So, it's up to you to flesh out the numerical ratings: precisely what type of lingerie do you envision on your ideal bondagette? Just how high do her heels have to be? Must she be sitting in a chair, on the floor, or on the bed? Only you can supply the nuances that are so important.

Please remove the survey sheet and send it with your other responses to:
Harmony Concepts, Inc.
P.O. Box 69976
West Hollywood, CA 90069
U.S.A.

J.R. IN REVERSE

Allison is fabulously fetching whichever way she's tied, even backwards!



By The People

LETTERS • LETTERS • LETTERS & PHOTOS • PHOTOS • PHOTOS

TWENTY QUESTIONS

I like to see women tied up in lingerie or wearing a bathing suit. I prefer the bondage to be done with rope only — no handcuffs or chains. In videos, I like to see interaction with the person who is tied up, with the other person just talking to her or maybe just tickling her, or something like that.

If I may ask, how did you get started in the bondage magazine and video business? Where do you find your models? Is there a type of person you look for? Do you think a bondage magazine devoted to men being tied up would interest women?

An Anonymous Reader

Your questions have been answered honestly and informatively in the Robert Harmon interview published in BL57. But, to make a quick summary, once this magazine was established and the Harmony mailing list started to grow, we were in the midst of the '80s and video was the medium to explore. Our models are referred to us by friends,other models and modeling agencies. We don't look for any particular type, we think variety is the spice of life. We do indeed hope that women could be interested in a magazine devoted to males in bondage, since we've published such a couple of times now. Males In Love Bondage numbers 1 and 2 are currently still available

at $9 an issue if any of you ladies out there are curious about what turning the tables might be like...

BONDAGE ART FAN

Love Bondage Gallery 37 was great! Seeing drawings by Ace in Maryland, Coco, Osvaldo Greco, and especially Brian Tarsis was a great thrill. Give us more artwork! How about comic strips like the earlier Harmony magazines had – art and even photo-spreads with dramatic plots?

P.F. of MA

IN PRAISE OF BONDAGE

I just wanted to say thank you for producing the best magazines and videos on today's flooded market. It seems as though everyone is producing this type of material, but you continue to produce the best in both print and video. I have been reading these magazines for twenty years and they just seem to be getting better and better every issue. The women in your videos are wonderful and fulfill their damsel-in-distress roles well.

A.W.

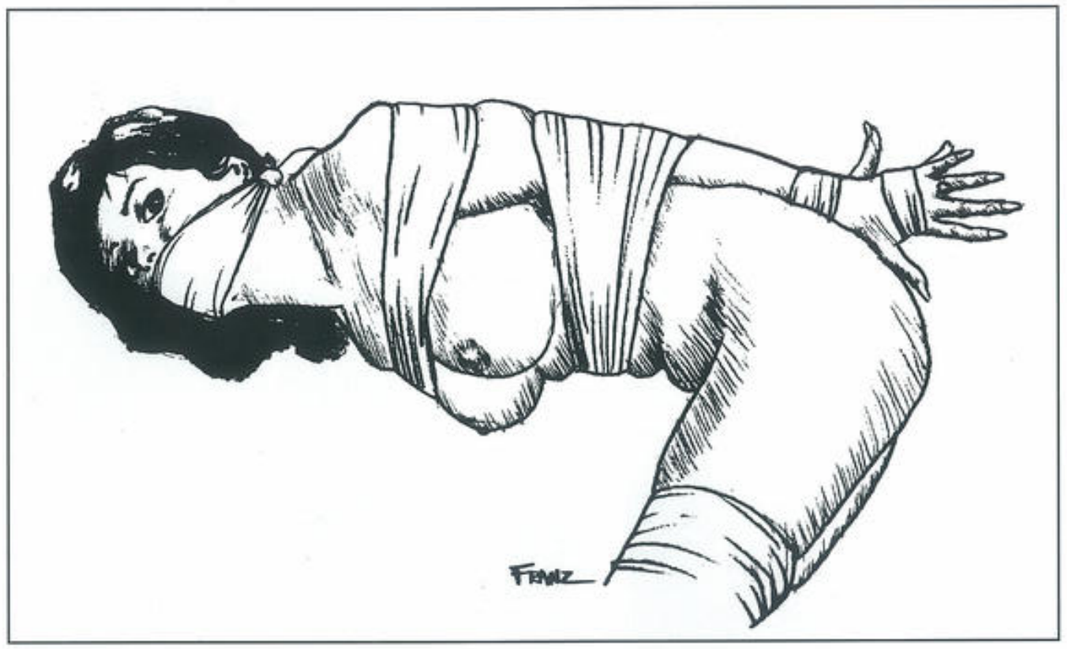
SPOUSAL TIES

My wife and I just returned from a trip to the beach without the kids. We enjoyed sleeping late, walking on the beach and generally relaxing. The highlight of the trip occurred on the day before we had to return to reality. My wife came out of the bedroom dressed in a fishnet bodystocking, opera-length gloves, a black leather vest, thong and a mask. She wore her brightest red lipstick and completed the outfit with four-inch black heels. She looked fabulous. I took some Polaroids to remember the moment and waited for instructions.

She had me strip and put on a pair of leather briefs with Velcro on either side so she could remove them easily

PLASTIC WRAP PLEASURE

...with Latex Hood for Good Measure
with J wrapped and hooded by her lover K



at her whim. Several pieces of rope were laid out on the floor by the bed. She had me tie my own ankles and knees while she watched to make sure they were cinched tight. She told me to cross my hands behind my back and tightly tied them there. A longer piece of rope secured my elbows together and a still longer piece bound my arms to my chest. I had never been bound more securely.

She put a movie in the VCR and relaxed to enjoy it, oblivious to my pleas for attention. She used the Polaroid to take pictures of me in several positions, including a blindfolded hogtie with an eight-buckle ballgag in place. She left me in the hogtie quite a while, having grown tired of my squirming. She used a vibrator to periodically stimulate me, each time increasing my frustration level.

After a full two hours of tight bondage and teasing, she rolled me on my back and satisfied both of us.

By this time, I was sore and tired, but still reluctant to give in and ask for release. There can't be anything better than a loving partner willing to fulfill your fantasies in a fun, noncritical, and creative way.

An M.D. in the Southeast

SINCE YOU ASKED

I recently purchased and viewed the video "Unforgettable: Recalling Irving Klaw" (RQH-1). Since I was asked so nicely by Sharon Kane, I thought I would write you with my comments on the video. I like the overall idea and execution. The older style lingerie does have a certain appeal.

The highlights of the video, for me, were Tory's boots and Kelly Ashton's solo vignette. If there is an RQH-2, you had better have Kelly in it again!

The editing needed some definite work.

D.B.

BORN TO BIND

I have been a fan of Harmony publications ever since I was old enough to gain admittance to the neighborhood adult entertainment complex. The first publication I purchased was *Bondage Parade 13* which I bought new and still have! Over the years, Harmony has continued to publish quality, tasteful, born-to-be-classics again and again.

I have been drawn to the concept of "Love Bondage" ever since I can remember. I consider myself to be a very lucky participant within this concept. At this moment, my girlfriend is hogtied and gagged on the bed — struggling against her restraint while I tap out this letter. Can a man ask for more?

Together we enjoy getting the newest issue of such publications as *Bondage Life*, and can't wait for the next issue since it is by far the most appealing and informative piece of bondage literature on the market. Everyone who contributes to this publication should be applauded for their outstanding and insightful work – you can tell these folks work hard at what they do!

Seems that my darling has gotten free of her restraints, and in less than four minutes too! Oh well, guess it's back to the fun. By the way, the whole time we had the video camera rolling. We've been toying with the idea of submitting our amateur exploits, but alas, a decision of this magnitude can't be considered too lightly, and we still aren't sure what's acceptable for submittal. But, we're working on it!

CAD & KC in PA

We're glad you asked. We're happy to explain what would be acceptable to submit for consideration as an amateur video. The most important aspect is your darling. If she's really willing, then the second thing you should do is load up your video camera with good professional grade videotape. Next, make sure you have good lighting — backlighting (she's on the bed and the window is behind her) doesn't work too well as she ends up being in shadow and it's then difficult to see her, let alone what's going on. Then comes the best part. You'll need to tie her neatly and fairly tight. Once the camera is rolling and your bondagette begins to struggle in earnest — full of all the accompanying adrenaline — you'd be surprised at how difficult it can be to really tie someone up. Good bondage is a must, as are good, believable gags. Finally, your last creative consideration is videography — it should be steady and provide a variety of angles. So, these are the most important things to consider when you make a home bondage video to send to us. Of course, for legal purposes you should send in a signed release, a photo I.D. (a picture — head shot only — of your bondagette holding her two forms of I.D. under her chin, focusing on the date-of-birth in her I.D., it's okay if her face isn't 100% in focus) and a signed and dated photocopy of her I.D. We need to present Harmonizers with a fair product for the price, so it's best if there are at least 6 scenes (bondage positions) in an hour-long video. For marketing purposes, you should take photos of each position — six to eight per position. Let's see... are we leaving anything out... Oh! Have fun!!

STILL STUNNED BY SAUDELLI

Congratulations on your front and back covers of BL68. Saudelli's artwork on the front cover is absolutely marvelous, and it's too bad that more of his work is not available in this country.

The back cover, featuring D of OH was also super. D's strap gag, blindfold and crotchwear were straight out of a Saudelli frame it seemed. Please give us more of the same.

M.K. In MD

FAN OF FEET

LF-2 — WOW! Aaron James and the flirty sensuousness of Celine Deavoux have captured the erotic essence of stockinged feet in bondage. The near perfect blend of panoramic views and screen filling close-ups of a willing, stocking clad bondagette has elevated a basic bondage position to epic proportions. The stockinged feet segments of this video are classics that set a high mark for judging all other videos of this genre. While a higher price tag

Continued on page 18

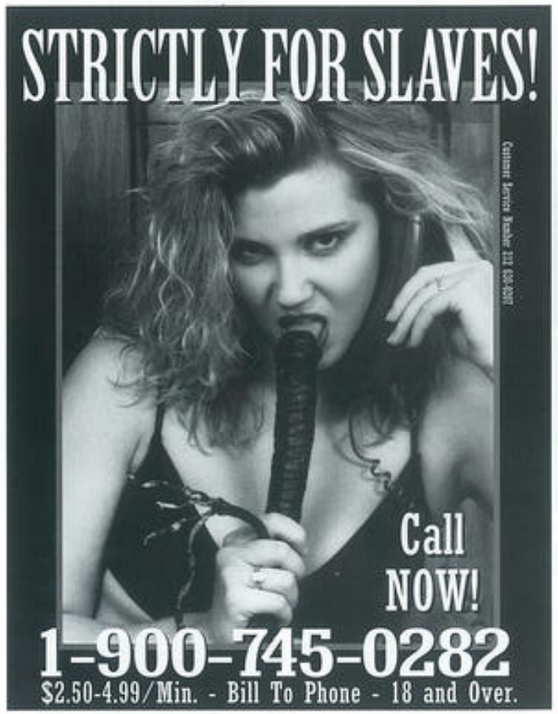
By The People

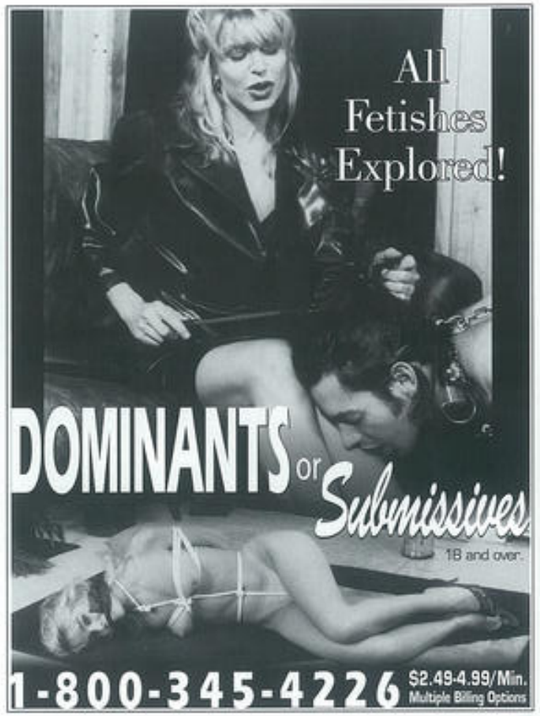
Playful Bondage Romp

with Kim of IL

Roped and Ready

...in an itsy-bitsy teddy
with Jenelle bound and photographed by Imago Studios





would have put me off of buying the video, I would have been just as happy with this video if it had cost much, much more. All Harmony Concepts bondage lovers and stockinged feet bondage lovers in particular — LF-2 is a must have!

Also, I had been tempted for a long time by the prospect implied in the advertising for TK-9, of seeing Chelsea Pfeiffer in an everyday blouse, jeans, white socks and sneakers, stripped to lingerie and socks and tightly bound. However, the brevity of scenes and the forced laughter portrayed in the Buyer's Guide scenes left me unsure. I took advantage of the summer sale and am quite pleased with TK-9 on two accounts.

First, although very brief (thank goodness for rewind, slow motion and stop frame) Chelsea's sneakers are removed on-screen to reveal her white sock clad-feet, and the frantic thrashing in response to tickling by Ashley Rene and Rachel Cane suggests that Chelsea is truly ticklish. After her tormentors left, Chelsea continued her frenetic struggling. Two minor defects in Chelsea's bondage were that the white socks disappeared leaving bare feet and the hogtie was a little too loose. Generally, I complain that scenes are too long, but the end of Chelsea's scene left me wishing that it had been a little longer so I could see if she managed to escape her bondage. I think we need to see more of a white socks and sneaker-clad Chelsea on the receiving end of playful bondage situations that result in her losing her shoes.

While Ashley turned in the usual good performance expected of one of the all time best bondagettes, the second thing that really pleased me about TK-9 was the performance of Rachel Cane. While the lack of any apparent embarrassment at being disrobed suggested that Rachel may be more of a vixen that a princess, she projected a truly believable wide-eyed, girl-next-door innocence. The cut and color of her red panties and bra really highlighted her presence. I even liked Rachel's unbound, clad only in panties, on-screen presence. What is the chance of teaming Rachel and her red panties and bra with Aaron James for an LF feature that included lots of stockinged feet scenes?

Hey fellow Love Bondagers, if you have a couple of extra bucks, TK-9 is a quiet, girl-next-door-type, fun bondage video that is well worth the sale price.

Kansas

Rachel Cane modeled for a very short time. She moved away after making only one video with Harmony. Even though we didn't know her for very long, we're glad we got to know her long enough to get that one video. She's great!

HARMONY IN CHINA

Many thanks for always keeping me updated with your monthly bulletins and brochures. I have known of Harmony for several years now and the quality of your material is always perfect. Your models are always gorgeous and they always put a lot of effort into whatever situation they are portraying. Lately, I was reading an old issue of *Bondage People* and *Love Bondage* and I have noticed with great interest some ropework of Lex Parrish — in particular, the pantyhose pictures. Could you give me some more information on Lex Parrish? I think also that it would be nice if you could dedicate an entire issue of *Love Bondage Gallery* to stocking foot and pantyhose bondage.

Mio of Beijing

Lex Parrish was an amateur contributor to our publications and his material was originally featured during the late '70s and early '80s. We are no longer in contact with him or any of his models. But, if you are interested in pantyhose pictures, you might be interested in some of the work Kelsie Chambers has done for Harmony since she seems to end up tied up while wearing pantyhose quite often. We're not sure if the pantyhose are her preference or if she's been asked to wear them on each occasion. We do know that she looks great in them, and pictures of Kelsie wearing pantyhose and tied up might even convert a few stockings-and-garter fans. Kelsie's wearing pantyhose in Mike Walker's first video, "The Stalker" (MW-1) which is available for $45 in VHS or $50 for PAL-VHS. There are many others – too many to list here!

CAN'T FORGET "UNFORGETTABLE"

I just wanted to let you all know how much I enjoyed the video, "Unforgettable: Recalling Irving Klaw" (RQH-1) immensely. My only preference would have been to have Tory Sinclair, in those all-too luscious boots, bent over and tied to the X-frame, the way Kelly Ashton was tied. (Okay, so I have a real boot fetish.)

At any rate, a very good movie — especially the vignettes. I don't think I've ever watched a video with Allison Brach in it, but in her vignette I can't help but think how nice it would be to tie her breasts up!

I'm looking forward to the next installment if this series keeps up.

T.P.

CHEERLEADERS

Like most red-blooded American males, I have a fascination and infatuation with cheerleaders, particularly those of professional squads who wear the skimpiest outfits. I'd like to see issues of your magazines featuring bound and gagged cheerleaders wearing skimpy outfits. I'm sure many of your readers have desires aligned with mine and will be delighted at such a feature.

D ●

DAMSEL IN THIS DRESS

By Jon Woods

For most of us, our psychological imprinting for bondage originated from popular culture. Regardless of the individual circumstances, in all likelihood it was *not* from adult media. Because of this, in our "core fantasy" image of The Bondagette, she's probably wearing something... whether she's dressed up like Lois Lane, Wonder Woman, Tarzan's mate Jane, or whatever your imprinting experience offered. And that's not necessarily a bad thing...

If the woman is totally nude from the get-go, where do you go from there? (Certainly nowhere we'd ever dare show.) You can't make her more naked than she already is. But if she starts out in bondage while fully dressed, you still have quite a few worthwhile and interesting mysteries to explore.

The female form is a truly wonderful thing all on its own, but frequently the clothing is a very appealing enhancement. You might see an image of a bound and gagged woman and think "That's very nice, but if she'd been wearing high heels (or pantyhose, or a corset, or whatever it is you might choose to fill in the blank) it would've been just perfect." There's something to be said for embellishments. Personally, I feel ropes and gags strongly enhance a woman's beauty.

This idea of enhancements is not limited to our select circle, either. We all know that not every human body is perfect and could use a little help and adornment. That's why mainstream companies like Frederick's of Hollywood and Victoria's Secret have been around so long and are doing a very healthy business.

In some cases, clothing can be yet another facet of the bondage. Women in bare feet with their ankles tied, for example, can get around better than most women wearing five-inch heels with their legs free (at least the ones I know can). A woman wearing opera gloves can't do anything requiring real dexterity; Star Chandler refers to this as "Glove Bondage." A lady in a tight-fitting tube skirt is not likely to even *try* to make a run for it, and corsets are a whole different dimension of restraint unto themselves. Add a few ropes here and there, and you've got a woman who's really in your power, or has you in hers.

And finally, a nude bondagette can't ever have much of a dishevelled look... a personal favorite of mine. If a dressed-up bondagette has been tied up for a while and is rolling around trying to get loose, you can tell right away. Without any clothes on her, you miss that whole visual aspect of her struggle.

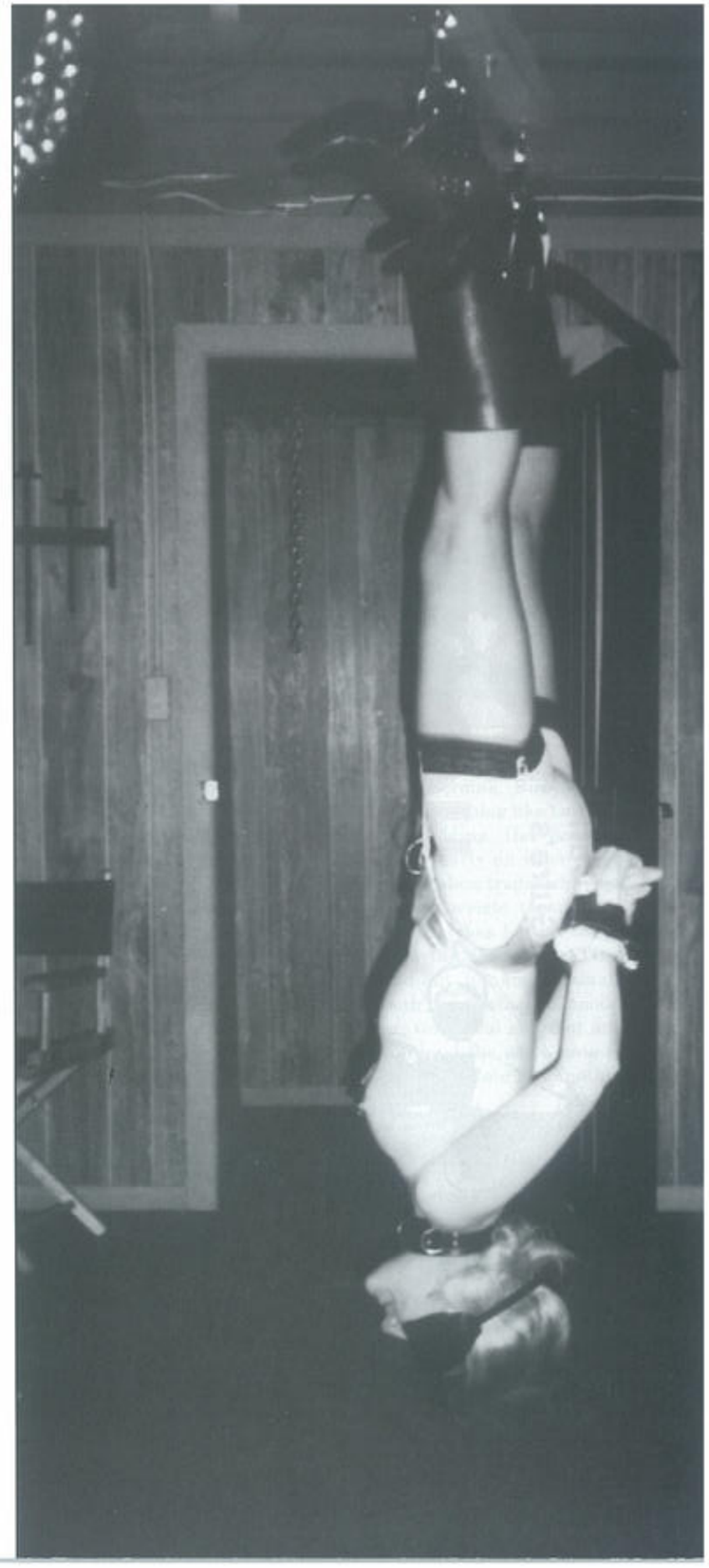
I can appreciate the point of view of the fans of nude bondage, and it certainly has its place... preferably in the bedroom by the end of the evening. But, like bondage itself, the right clothing can really add to your enjoyment of a scene.

WHITE PVC WONDER

with Lady Shoes accessory assisted by J.R. of OH

HANGING AROUND THE HOUSE

with D of OH suspended by Michael



BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD

Carl McGuire's

Ashley Judd, Cameron Diaz (Again), Demi Moore, and a Whole Lot More. . .

You already know about *Natural Born Killers,* right? You read about **Corinna Laszlo's** big scene in Bound for Hollywood #61 and you saw the movie. Well, you haven't seen everything until you rent the twin-cassette director's-cut version. Oliver Stone rounds out Miss Laszlo's scene with some footage in which Woody Harrelson hoists her in the air, her ankles still attached to her bound wrists, and manhandles her as she tries to protest through her gag. (And is she now naked below the waist? Sure looks like it.) The big bonanza, however, comes with the second cassette, where Stone treats us to some outtakes that never made either version of the film. This footage includes a courtroom scene starring the luscious **Ashley Judd**— who doesn't appear anywhere else in the movie—in which she recalls her encounter with Harrelson. In quick flashbacks, we see her lying on the floor, arms apparently bound behind her and her mouth filled with what looks like a small stuffed-animal toy. . . . . If you ever hear **Demi Moore** say, "I can lick that guy with both hands tied behind my back," don't laugh—she probably can. The proof's in *G.I. Jane,* when she and her fellow SEAL trainees are captured during some war games, and their captors decide to pick on Lieutenant Demi. They tie her hands and "interrogate" her, and the chief captor starts acting out a mock rape. Her response is to break his nose with a head butt and kick the stuffing out of the poor guy. . . . . *L.A. Confidential* is loaded with atmosphere, and one of the most intense scenes occurs when the cops sneak into a house and find **Marisol Padilla Sanchez** naked, gagged,

Natural Born Babes: Laszlo just before her restored scene. . .

. . . and Judd with something soft and fluffy in her mouth.

Diaz is 3 for 3 in "A Life Less Ordinary."

Kliffhanger Korner

Title: *Nyoka and the Tigermen* (also known as *Perils of Nyoka*), Republic Pictures, 1942. **Damsel:** Kay Aldridge in the title role. (She was actually Republic's second Nyoka, following 1941's *Jungle Girl* with Frances Gifford. It's hard to choose between the two, because they're both cuties. Aldridge, in fact, sometimes resembles one of John Willie's pen-and-ink heartbreakers. For a look at Gifford in peril, see Bound for Hollywood reprints, Volume I, page 12.) **Distress:** Aldridge is stretched out on a horizontal rack by the evil (and gorgeous) Vultura in Chapter 2, "Death's Chariot"; bound to a stake in a burning tent in Chapter 9, "Burned Alive"; suspended by her wrists over flames in Chapter 6, "Human Sacrifice"; and stashed in a speeding station wagon, hands tied behind her back, in Chapter 10, "Treacherous Trail."

and spreadeagled to a bed. Another scene is heavy in nostalgia value (and good for a laugh): When the coppers gather for instructions for a crackdown on pornography, they are shown a series of John Willie and Irving Klaw bondage photos. . . . . **Cameron Diaz** just keeps getting herself B&G, doesn't she? First, *The Mask*; then the killer-diller *Head Above Water* (see Bondage Life 68); and now, in the comedy *A Life Less Ordinary,* she's rope-tied, tape-gagged, and snatched by bumbling kidnapper Ewan MacGregor. But things are looking up. In *My Best Friend's Wedding,* she points out in a recent interview, "I don't get tied up!" *(Drat).* . . . . . .

Having her wrists handcuffed behind her is no impediment to Secret Service agent **Diane Lane** in the Wesley Snipes thriller *Murder at 1600.* Seeing her President threatened by a gun-wielding assassin, she makes a flying leap through the air and saves the day. . . . . **Kathleen Quinlan** is mysteriously missing throughout most of the Kurt Russell flick *Breakdown,* and so her reappearance toward the end—tied up, duct-taped, and zipped up in a canvas bag—is all the more dramatic. . . . . **Madchen Amick** has a lengthy and very pretty scene in *Bombshell* as the captive of a mad bomber, standing with wrists chained over her head, mouth sealed with tape. Her eyes, though, speak volumes. . . . . The sci-fi flick *Nemesis 2: Nebula* stands out from the crowd, boasting a heroine, **Sue Price,** who's built something like Lou Ferrigno. No kidding. Her bondage scene comes early on when she's captured by a slave trader who gags her, ties her wrists together in front, and marches her off to his lair. There they encounter **Tina Cote** and an unnamed female friend, both the prisoners of another slaver, tied hand and foot and leashed around the neck. Late in the movie, Miss Cote has another

Bound, gagged, and bagged: Quinlan in "Breakdown."

Hands up, eyes front: Amick in "Bombshell."

Va-va-voom: Habermann's riveting moment in "Parallel Universe."

"Why is my collar beeping?" Galvin on the late, lamented "Timecop."

Somebody tighten her gag: Tapping on "Stargate SG-1."

big scene, standing trussed to a pole, leaning out over a sheer drop. . . . . Oldies: **Kay Francis** got to wear a lot of great clothes in movies back in the 1930s. Well-dressed as ever, she has a fun scene with William Powell in the 1932 romantic comedy *Jewel Robbery*. As the cops pound on the door and she urges him to run for it, jewel thief Powell plunks her down in a chair, tears a drape from the window, and binds her to the chair with it, giving her a convenient alibi. . . . . .

B/D on T/V

In the first 30 seconds of her music video for "Honey," one of the tracks from her latest album, **Mariah Carey** acts out a secret agent-ish scenario that starts off with her seated in a chair, wrists cuffed behind her back. She picks the lock, drop-kicks one of her captors, dives out of a window into a pool and, while underwater, divests herself of most of her clothes. What could she possibly do for an encore? . . . . . We've alerted you to the tie-ups starring blonde **Eva Habermann** in Episodes 1 and 2 of *Tales From a Parallel Universe,* the now-on-hiatus sci-fi series on The Movie Channel. Now here comes the best-yet Episode 3, "Eating Patterns," which gets her cleave-gagged and trussed upright to a wooden frame, the prisoner of the dastardly Rutger Hauer. . . . . When poor **Molly Parker** is captured by a wacko in *Intensity,*

Two views of Gallagher on "Millenium."

the Fox Network miniseries based on the Dean Koontz novel, he leaves nothing to chance, locking the poor girl to a chair with padlocks and yards of heavy chain. To top it off, he then manacles her ankles to the base of a heavy table. It takes a lot of huffing and puffing on her part (not to mention a lot of screen time), but she eventually reduces the chair to splinters and is on her way to freedom. . . . . ABC has already pulled the plug on *Timecop,* but not before leaving us with some nice memories. We recall **Lisa Thornhill** playing an actress who's tricked onto a movie set featuring an electric chair, only to find herself strapped into the dad-gum thing for real; and, most memorably, **Anna Galvin** as a comely London wench in the time of Jack the Ripper. She's snagged by a time- traveling Ripper wannabe who ropes and gags her and parades her around with a high-tech bomb-collar locked around her shapely neck. . . . . Series regular **Amanda Tapping** is treated to quite an adventure on Showtime's new *Stargate SG-1*: Sleeping in filmy harem-girl clothes, she awakens to find herself a kidnappee, hustled away from her tent with wrists bound in front by enormous ropes and silenced with a two-piece gag. When momentarily ungagged, she spits out piece number 2. Later, she's re-gagged, unconvincingly between the lips this time, and taken to a Mongol warlord with a taste for blonde women in diaphanous outfits. . . . . .

Megan Gallagher, who played the long-suffering wife for a whole season in *Millenium,* has it even rougher in the kickoff to the new season. Abducted by one of the show's patented looney-tunes, she's trussed and tape-gagged and stashed in a cage underneath her captor's pickup truck. At their destination, she's re-tied with wrists high and spirits low. . . . . **Sharon Lawrence,** a fixture on *NYPD Blue* and now the star of her own sitcom, *Fired Up,* is briefly tied to a chair in the NBC based-on-reality movie *Five Desperate Hours.* . . . . . "We have ways to make her talk": On *La Femme Nikita,* **Peta Wilson** finds that all too true. Captured by the opposition, she's taken to their lair with arms manacled and a hood over her face. Once there, they secure her to an upright metal frame on wheels, attach a few little monitors to read her vital signs, and roll her over to something right out of Orwell's *1984*—a cage with hungry rats. . . . . Fox's *Roar* strikes us as just one more *Hercules* clone, and it may not make the cut by year's end. But we won't totally dismiss a show that occasionally presents a girl-in-the-dungeon scene (**Vera Farmiga,** interrogated strenuously with arms over her head). We also spend a lot of time staring at bad-girl Lisa Zane and wondering if anything interesting will ever befall her. . . . . When a mad bomber snags police detective **Leslie Bibb** on the USA Network's *The Big Easy,* he ties her to a chair, tightly cleave-gags her, and wires the chair with explosives. She *Mmmphs* to complain of stiffness, so he loosens the gag, disarms the bomb and walks her awkwardly around the room (wrists and ankles still tied), then re-positions her. . . . . **Shannon Tweed,** who's been tied up more times than we can count, racks up another one on *Nash Bridges*—bound, mouth prettily duct-taped, and seated in a car.

CHAIN MAIL—We're still compiling a list of readers' favorite movie and TV scenes, so keep the ideas coming. Contact Bound for Hollywood via the Net at comments@harmonyconcepts.com, or by snail mail at the Harmony P.O. box. We regret that B for H can't respond to individual queries.

For photos, videos, tips, info, praise, and constructive criticism, our thanks to TE in Indiana, CJS of Maryland, TB from Arizona, and RDP on the Net; and to long-time stalwarts Jon Woods and Puck of Michigan.

DEPARTMENT OF SHAMELESS PROMOTION—If you're just now discovering Bound for Hollywood, you'll want to get all our back-issue reprints—three volumes covering the first 50 issues of Bondage Life, 15 years of Carl McGuire's columns on female bondage scenes in movies and TV. Each is 80 B&W, photocopied looseleaf pages including hundreds of listings and scores of photos, plus indexes by actresses and titles. Order Volume I (Blue), II (Yellow), or III (Red). For each, send $14 to HCI using the order form on page 4.

Dungeon damsel Farmiga on "Roar."

She has the right to remain silent: Bibb on "Big Easy."

De Mille Inducted Into Hall of Fame

For over 40 years, director Cecil B. De Mille gave 'em what they wanted, and Bound for Hollywood is pleased to welcome him into its Hall of Fame for giving us what *we* wanted—epic movies with a goodly number of glamorous females all tied up:

Sign of the Cross, 1932. Probably his sexiest stuff. Near-naked damsels trussed and chained in the Roman arena. One of these lovelies—often misidentified as Elissa Landi, the female lead—shows up tied to a stake, wearing only chains and flowers, in a photo we published back in Bondage Life 52.

Four Frightened People, 1934. Jungle captive Claudette Colbert tied back to back with Herbert Marshall, arms spread wide and bound to a log.

Cleopatra, 1934. Colbert again, this time as the Egyptian princess, trussed up and gagged and spirited off to the desert aboard a chariot in the movie's opening scene.

The Plainsman, 1937. Jean Arthur as Calamity Jane, arms bound overhead in an Indian teepee.

Unconquered, 1947. Paulette Goddard, wrists tethered to a pair of Indian stakes, writhing to beat the band. In another scene, she's tied with wrists overhead, awaiting punishment.

The Ten Commandments, 1956. Debra Paget (and someday we're going to tally up *her* scenes) bound to the Golden Calf, sometime after the intermission.

And that's probably not all. A photo from one of De Mille's oldies, *The Godless Girl* (1929), looks suspiciously like bondage to us. Furthermore, many of his movies from the silent era, with titles like *Temptation* and *The Captive,* have long been lost. Who knows what they might have contained?

TALES from the WOODS

by **Jon Woods**

I love my job! I really do. If I didn't, I know I wouldn't spend all the extra hours working at it that I do. Nonetheless, I do allow myself a little free time every now and then. So when you work in a place as exciting as Harmony for a living, what do you do in your off hours? The following story may sound a little like a busman's holiday, or read like a letter from "Bondage Tales," but I guarantee it's all 100% true.

Oak O'Kork was one of the henchmen, er... heroes who assisted Kristine Imboch with the train-tracks video that you saw on the cover of BL67. His girlfriend, Shawna Lake (who'll be making a cameo appearance in a Close-Up Concepts video very soon), called me up not too long ago and said she wanted to do something special for Oak's birthday. Specifically, she wanted to act out a bondage role-playing game, one in which she would portray the damsel and the mighty Oak would come to her rescue. Kristine was also asked to be a co-conspirator with this birthday surprise, and so we took time from our otherwise busy schedules to help her bring this fantasy to life. The reasons were numerous: For one thing, Oak is a good friend, and we wanted to help do something special for him. Shawna is a very sweet and attractive lady, and who could ever say no to a lovely damsel who wants to be in distress? Also, this was going to be fun, a departure from our usual work, a real-life adventure!

Shawna said that Oak would appreciate an intricate trail to follow, with maps and secret phone calls and all the trimmings. So we devised our plan with all this in mind. The "McGuffin" in this little scenario was a stuffed teddy bear Shawna had recently given to Oak. Our hero was unaware of the significance this plush toy would soon hold.

As you might expect, there were a few little snags here and there... It's not easy doing a live performance with no dress rehearsal, and unlike video, you can't stop and do a second take. Nonetheless, it all came off pretty well, and it went something like this:

That morning, Shawna had hinted they'd be doing something special that evening, and asked Oak to dress up when he got home from work, as if they were going out to the theater or a nice restaurant.

Kristine had asked Mr. T to make the initial phone call from the restaurant where he was having dinner at 7:30 that night. (By the way, this is not the same Mr. T who starred in that TV adventure series a while back, but the guy who runs a rather well-known web-site, and Close-Up's newest employee.) Our confederate was having dinner with his wife and parents-in-law when he was due to make the call, so he surreptitiously reached down and set off his pager. He excused himself and stepped outside the restaurant to call our hero on his cellular phone. Mr. T was standing on the street reading the script Ki had prepared, feeling fairly self-conscious and getting strange looks from passers-by as he gave these unusual instructions. Oak had never met Mr. T, and so his voice was unfamiliar; however, since the ransom for his girlfriend was a teddy bear (for gosh sakes), our hero immediately knew this was all just a game. Our accomplice commanded him to take the teddy bear, which Mr. T informed him contained secret microfilm, to a specific address — actually a Pizzeria — but he was told not to leave until he received a second call.

This second call, intended to signal Oak to begin his mission and keep our wicked plan on schedule, was to be Shawna saying "Mmph! Mmph!" into the phone. However, our captivating heroine was delayed by making arrangements for a hotel room. When Mr. T called to apprise us the plan was in motion, Shawna hadn't arrived yet. By the time she got to my place shortly after eight o'clock, Oak was apparently already heading for the first stop in his quest to rescue "Agent S." Shawna left her muffled message anyway, so they had an amusing call on their answering machine when they got home the next day.

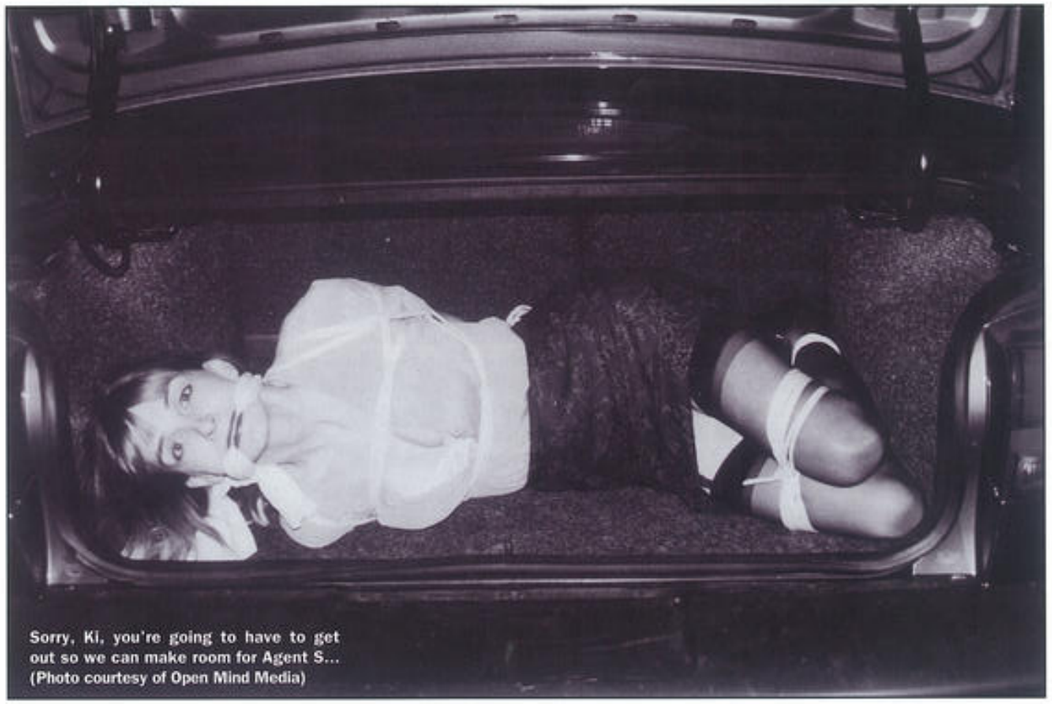
Despite the fact this whole scheme was a complete surprise to Oak and he was experiencing an unparalleled adrenalin flow, he had the presence of mind to grab a tape recorder before he left the house, making an audio account of his mission to save "Agent S." He later gave us a copy of the tape, and it was genuinely thrilling to re-live this adventure from the opposite point of view.

Mr. T told Oak he would meet a man with a leather bag, and he was to exchange the stuffed bear for the bag, which would contain further instructions. Waiting for Oak at the pizzeria was Mark Adolfio, Harmony's Maestro of the Mailroom... again, someone whom he'd never met. I wanted to give them some kind of code word or phrase, like Oak saying "Some days you get the bear," and Mark replying "And some days the bear gets you." But Kristine thought that was silly and would probably make them both burst into hysterical laughter, yet their conversation was a bit stranger than we expected. We'd asked Mark not to say anything, just to look solemn. But Mark wanted to pad his role, and so he threw our hero a curve by asking where the money was. This confused Oak, but eventually they did successfully make the trade. Mark told me there was a lady in the restaurant who observed this peculiar transaction with extreme interest, and never took her eyes off Mark for the rest of his meal. This amused him to no end, and probably made this woman's night more interesting as well.

In the bag Oak picked up was directions to go to the nearest pay-phone and my home telephone number. I'd recorded a new message on my answering machine for "Agent O" with directions to an address a few miles away, actually Aaron James' apartment. Although Oak knows Aaron, he had never been to his home, so he had absolutely no idea where we were sending him. The humorous twist about the answering machine bit was shortly after I'd put on this long message and before our intrepid hero called for instructions, a friend called up to invite me to a party. She left a quite normal message, completely ignoring the bizarre instructions before the beep.

Meanwhile at home, we realized Oak was ahead of schedule when Shawna called up for the "Mmph!" message and she got their answering machine. So we had to make haste preparing the envelope I would duct-tape to Aaron's door. In it was a map to my place, the key to my mailbox and a polaroid of Shawna's lovely tape-gagged face, with a note scrawled at the bottom of the photo to "Comply or else!"

I high-tailed it to Aaron's place and back, then put a key to my car in the mailbox along with directions for our hero to walk down the street and find the car with the given license-plate number. We'd attached a bell to the key-ring in the hopes that Shawna would hear his approach and start making noise before he opened the trunk to find her.



Sorry, Ki, you're going to have to get out so we can make room for Agent S... (Photo courtesy of Open Mind Media)

A few days beforehand, we had scouted the location where Oak would rescue his lady. It was at the end of this quiet residential street. Or so we'd thought...

Kristine took photos in the car as I was preparing Shawna for her rescue. I should probably mention here that "Agent S" looked truly adorable. She was wearing a long-sleeved black mini-dress, black stockings and heels... the perfect imperiled spy that any red-blooded hero would love to

save. She was bound hand, foot and upper body with white rope, and tape-gagged (Oak's favorite type of gag); then we folded down the back seat and she scooted into the trunk. Luckily, no one else in my apartment complex came out to the car-port while we were doing any of this or it certainly would've looked quite suspect. We left the seat down as we slowly drove the short distance down the street, and Kristine shot some video of "Agent S" getting into her damsel character.

It was now about nine o'clock. I stayed with Shawna while Ki got her car. It was a rather unusual circumstance for me. This was neither a video shoot nor an intimate situation, and I wasn't quite sure what to say to Shawna while we were alone. She certainly couldn't say anything discernible to me, so the almost awkward silence made the time seem to go a bit slower. Kristine drove to the spot, then we folded up the back seat, making certain it wasn't latched just in case she needed to kick it open and get out. We knew that Oak was ahead of schedule, but we were uncertain how long it would take him to get to the end of the trail. Ideally, our damsel would be secluded in the trunk long enough to build up some anticipation, but not so long that she'd become too uncomfortable or (heaven forbid) bored. The thought of safety was on our minds. Consequently, Ki and I lurked nearby, asking Shawna — through the trunk-lid — if she was all right every few minutes.

As we were crouched behind Kristine's car, she noted that it was quite unusual for her to be the one outside the trunk. She said she felt a unique sense of power from being one of only three people who knew that in the trunk of this otherwise ordinary-looking car was a very attractive lady, bound, gagged and awaiting rescue.

Fifteen minutes had passed. We hoped Agent O had found Aaron's apartment, and that our willing bondagette wouldn't have to wait too long for her brave hero. Kristine crossed the street to check on Shawna again.

Suddenly, she heard the bell on the key-ring and she knew Oak was near. She scurried down the street, her movement activating the motion-detector on a light from a nearby garage. Had she been seen? The illusion we were trying so hard to maintain was that Agent S had been left all alone, bound and gagged in the trunk. Ki hid behind a tree while I shot video of the rescue.

We'd advised Oak to bring a camera, and as soon as he discovered his prize in the car-trunk, he talked to her for a while and took some snapshots, then eventually he lifted her out of the car. He hugged her for a moment, and it wasn't until he started taking the ropes off her that I realized he'd been hugging and kissing her there in the street while she was still tied up. A moment or two after he removed the very last rope from her, a van crossed in front of my camera. A second later, another car passed by, and then a third. By this point, the thought crossed my mind that some member of the neighborhood watch may've alerted the authorities about the suspicious activities on this typically quiet street, but it soon became apparent that some people were merely convening for a party at one of the houses nearby. Talk about lucky timing!

Agent O later told me he was completely focused on his assignment and the car, and he didn't notice the beacon-like red recording light from the camcorder behind Kristine's car. One of the party-goers, however, did observe me. He strolled up to me and in true Hollywood fashion said "Sorry I messed up your shot, man." I explained we were just taping a birthday surprise for the guy across the street and it was really no big deal. There were no further questions from this unsuspecting fellow and he went on his way. Kristine was spotted sitting on the ground, still hiding behind a tree, by a woman who was also heading for the party. The woman regarded her quizzically, and Ki tried to appear unhappy and stated she was hiding out from her family. The woman became very sympathetic and said she knew just how she felt. We wondered what these two people would've made of these events if they compared notes later.

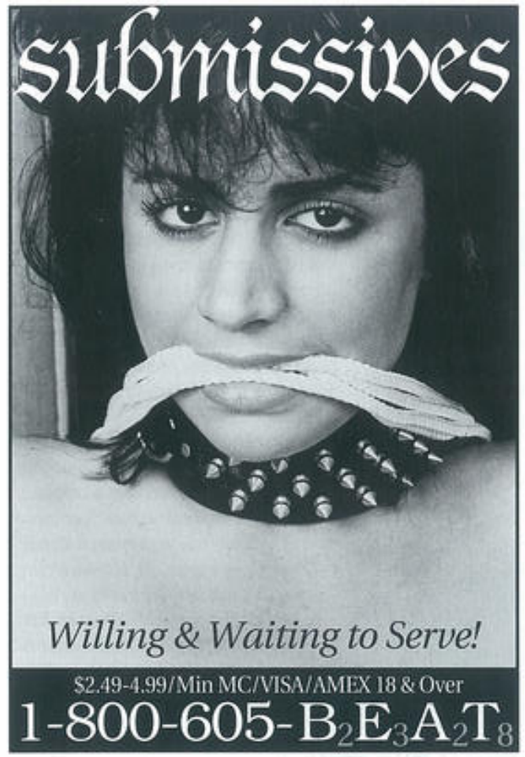
Though Kristine and I had tried unsuccessfully to remain unobtrusive so this rescue fantasy would remain intact, our hero and heroine walked down the street and waited outside my apartment so they could return the various keys. The happy couple was pumped full of adrenalin, and were anxious to continue Oak's birthday celebration at the hotel. I heard that Shawna expressed her undying gratitude to her champion well into the wee hours of the morning.

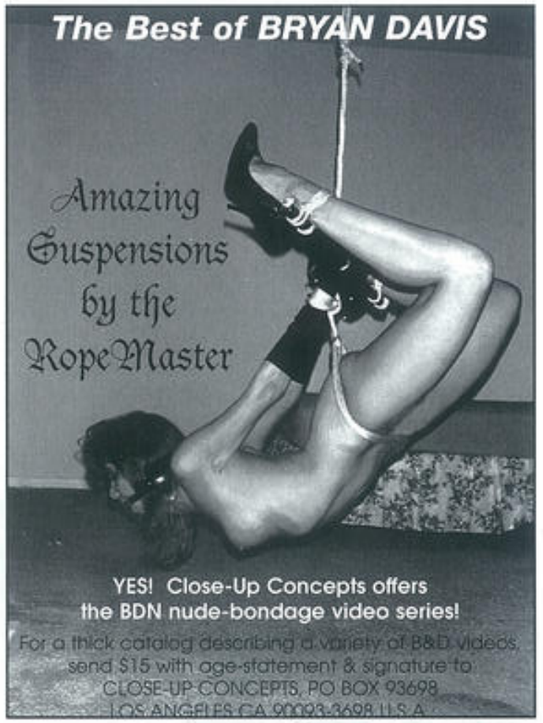
Kristine and I had our own adrenalin rush going too, and we felt great. We'd had the opportunity to do a good deed by acting as consensual villains, we got to tie up a beautiful lady, create an exciting situation with a happy ending for all concerned, and we gave our good friend a birthday present he's not likely to soon forget. And Mark Adolfio even got a free dinner out of the deal.

Ki said the experience also made her feel inspired, and she wanted to be the one in the trunk next time. Hmm. I guess that could be arranged...

As a postscript to this escapade, the wily Agent O pulled a fast one and did not deliver the bear Shawna had given him earlier, but effectively thwarted this diabolical plot by handing over the wrong bear. Ki and I may have to nab Agent S again later to get the bear which does have the microfilm.

When I told one of my buddies about this adventure, and how it had helped give a charge to Oak and Shawna's love-life, he suggested I start a franchise for this service. (My desire to avoid legal problems from a large toy retailer keeps me from telling you what he suggested I name this proposed business, although you could probably guess.) It's an intriguing idea, but I think I'll just keep on working here. As I'd said, I love my job. ◆

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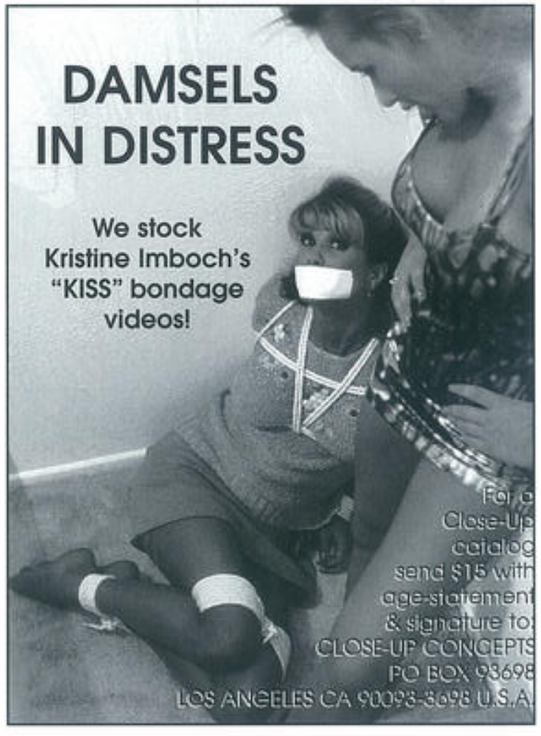
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The Bondage Art of **SMS**

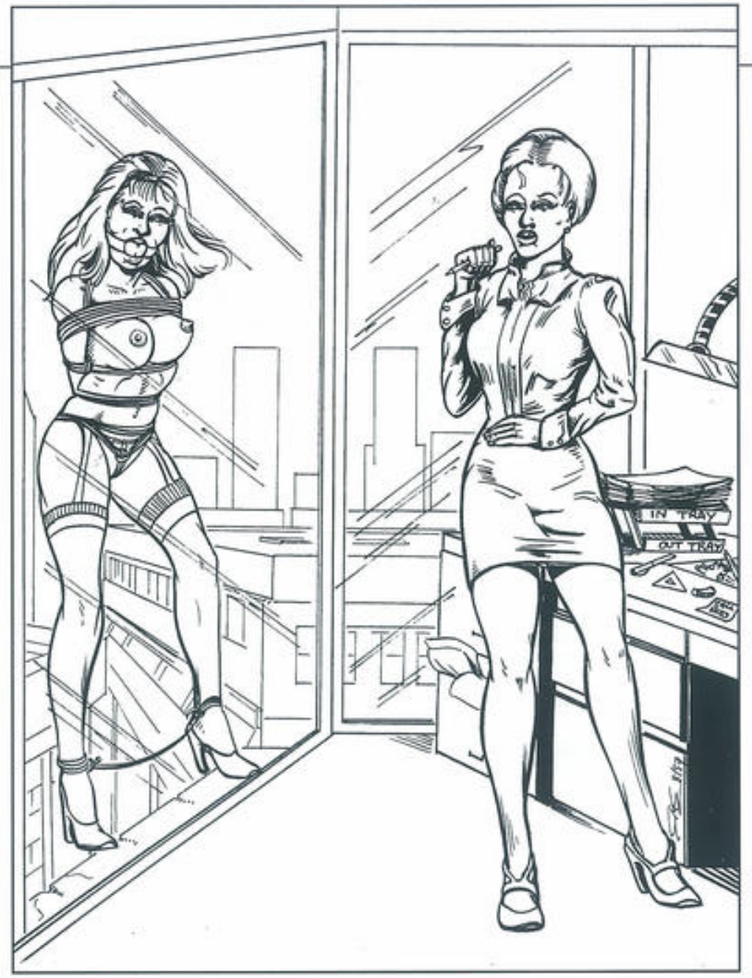
Perhaps best known to Harmonizers for his regular contributions (Connections — The Art of The Possible), bondage artist SMS has been an active part of Harmony history since BL24 when the first "Connections" appeared. His work has enhanced many an issue since then and yet we found we still hardly knew him. We finally took matters in hand and e-mailed him a few questions which he promptly answered, providing us with the kind of glimpse we desired past near anonymity.

***Q:** What do they mean to you now?*
A: Somewhere along the way, I became a student of artistic expression and the process, started above, evolved into the pursuit of the artistic concept beyond just satisfying a frustrated sexual libido. Which is not to say that element went away. It was just that I learned to enjoy drawing for its own sake; and there are times when I HAVE to draw.
What that period did establish though, was that I had no real natural talent, and if I wanted to be able to express myself artistically in a satisfactory manner, I was going to have to really work at it.

***Q:** How important, precious to you, is each drawing?*
A: An inevitable development of drawing (or doing anything for that matter) for a long enough period is a sense of perspective. In that sense, individual drawings may stand out for a time, but then blend into the body of work. I think at that point the character of the work is what reflects meaning; the level of technical execution, the freshness of the idea or concept, the passion reflected.
So, how do I answer your question? Each drawing involves the struggle to translate an idea to reality, especially poignant with fetish illustration. Its execution involves all of the factors I mentioned, and that challenge is what appeals to me. Truthfully, I seldom am satisfied with the end result (in some cases, downright disgusted with it). But the next opportunity — that one might be The One, where everything meshes perfectly, and that is where the drive comes from.
An important note here: I have been doing fetish art now (most especially through Silver Sandal Press) for over ten years, but in all that time it has remained (purposely) a hobby pursuit. I remain convinced that it is important to do so. Depending on it for a "livelihood" would put a completely different spin on things, one I fear might leach the pleasure out of it.

***Q:** Have you shared your drawings with lovers? What was their reaction?*
A: Ah, at last an easy question. There is no current significant other and has not been one. The shyness mentioned above continues to this day. So, there has not been an opportunity to share any of my work with the degree of intimacy I think you are inquiring about. So, I am left with the responses of strangers, which has been limited but in general positive.

***Q:** Who are your favorite artists, and why?*
A: I won't allow this answer to get away from me, lengthwise. I presume you were specifically asking about fetish related artists. First and foremost was Bob Bishop. I discovered his work early in the HOM magazines, and it sort of legitimized what I was doing with my scrawls. Here was an artist basically doing the things that I was trying to do — concept and execution-wise — except that he was good at it. He was good enough to draw anything, yet he was choosing to draw bondage subject matter.
Stanton came along a bit later, but it took me a bit to warm up to his work, primarily I think because I didn't see his early work until later.
Jim was another favorite because of his fascination with things mechanical.
Current artistic favorites are Saudelli and Sorayama. Why these people? I think because in a nutshell you can read their intent at a glance with most of their work. The passion is there, reflected not only in the idea presentation, but in the execution. To me it states that the artists spent the effort to learn their craft so that they could do the best job possible in communicating their ideas.
This sounds sort of self-evident, but in these days of things like Beavis and Butthead it is not. The message we are inundated with every moment is that mediocre is okay, and good enough means acceptable.
I think I will jump off my soapbox at this point and bring this thing to a (merciful) end. I hope you find it interesting, or at least a moment's diversion.
Sincerely,
SMS



Bondage Tales

& Narrative Letters

CONSENSUAL INITIATION

Her eyes register utter amazement as she sits in the elegant restaurant. After finishing a delicious dinner and sipping of champagne, she now has her mouth filled with her own panties, soaked in her love juices and champagne.

She has just been kissed and experienced the transfer of her own panties from his mouth to hers. Her eyes register surprise, yet they also show a passion that is slowly but surely building. The entire evening so far has been one of an introduction into the scene she had only once imagined, but now she is sure she is a part of it. Her mind tells her to continue and experience the rest of his endeavors to make her dwell deeper into a contentment which she knows she can savor just as she is now savoring the taste of the wet panties in her mouth.

He smiles at her, winking and saying it makes her more demure, but also more desirable. He tells her she is not to say anything at all, even if someone speaks to her — that she is just to nod. She wonders how she could say anything anyway since her mouth is filled, but she nods her head in agreement.

"Now we are ready to take you further into our midst. If you agree, just nod."

Her mind is racing, but she slowly nods her head.

"Good," he says as he once again puts his hand under her chin and pulls her lips to his. She can taste the champagne from the sip he has just taken. His other hand removes the scarf from around her neck to reveal the collar she has on. Then he starts to unbutton her blouse, to her cleavage, exposing her lush breasts as they rub against her silken blouse.

"We are about to leave, but before we do there is one other little item I wish you to experience," he says and then takes another sip from his glass. He tells her to pull her skirt up to expose her sex. His fingers flick across her most sensitive spot as he pulls her love lips back. He then reaches into his water glass and removes an ice cube which he immediately inserts between her parted lips and up deep inside her. The cold is electrifying, but intriguing.

"Now we are ready to leave. Pull your skirt back down."

He escorts her to the door and as they are on their way out she can feel the eyes of those around her taking in all there is to see. But she walks proud even though her mind is wondering how the ice cube is to remain inside her as they walk. She hears several voices and she nods, but her whole being is lost in the entire sensation of the events that have transpired thus far.

They walk toward the car and stop. He opens the door and tells her to turn and face the car. He takes the scarf that had been around her neck and proceeds to blindfold her with it. She can feel him remove her second scarf, the one around her waist. He tells her to open her mouth and he winds the scarf around her head, through her parted teeth, pushing the panties deeper into her mouth before he fastens it securely behind her neck. She can't make a sound as the scarf fills her mouth even more fully then the panties. He takes her handbag and helps her sit in the car. He tells her to remove her skirt. Her hands fumble with the skirt closing and finally she gets it undone. It falls into his hands. She feels him fasten a length of rope, pulled from her purse, around one wrist. He pulls the rope around the back of the seat, behind her, and back to her other side where he fastens the end to her other wrist. This causes her to arch forward due to the tightness of the tie and her breasts push out against the fabric of her blouse. His fingers unbutton her blouse the rest of the way, exposing her completely. A rope is pulled taut, just above her breasts and around the seat, fastening her in quite nicely. Then she feels the coolness of the seat belt buckle as the final touch of bondage for their ride.

He gets into the cars, starts it, and they are off for a ride in the cool evening air. She feels his hands explore her breasts, her silken clad legs and her wet sex, all the time that they are driving. She can only wonder who or what is happening as they stop for what she presumes to be stop signs and lights. Her wonderment is such because she realizes she is completely exposed to all who care to look. But being secured as she is there isn't a thing she can do about it.

His conversation is light, telling her she is delightful, especially bound as she is. He says it makes her more becoming and brings out the full woman that he knows her to be.

He asks if she is ready to proceed further. But bound as she is, she wonders how she can reply. Before she can think of anything, he tells her that he assumes by her hesitation is because she's had enough for one evening and that he thinks it would be best to finish by taking her home. She is almost on the verge of trying to tell him, "No," but can't because of the strict gag.

He becomes silent and all she can do is sit there and try to mumble through her gag, for she can't move a muscle tied so securely in the car as she is.

She notices the car has stopped. He says, "We have arrived, but you are to continue following my directions. Do you understand?"

She nods "yes" as best as she can.

He opens the door, releases her seat belt, the rope across her breasts and her hands. He tells her to slide around and put her feet on the ground and to stay that way. As she does so, she feels his hands begin to tie some rope around each of her ankles. He then assists her from the car and turns her around where he pulls her wrists behind her back to fasten them with more rope. She feels another rope being fastened to her neck collar. A tug on this rope means she is to walk forward with him. She takes mincing steps because of the rope hobble around her ankles. He stops at the door, takes her key and opens the door. He helps her inside and says, "I'm going to remove the rope from around your wrists, but you are to leave everything else alone until you hear the door close. Her mind is still racing, because before she walked to the house he removed her blouse and left it with her skirt in the car. She was bound and exposed for the entire walk to the front door and she doesn't know who may see them. Her clothing was taken from her, maybe never to return. There are so many thoughts occurring, she can't keep track.

Then the door slams shut. She is now left alone, blindfolded, gagged and hobbled in a most bizarre dressing for pleasure attire that caresses her full body and soul. Slowly she undoes the knot of the blindfold and looks down at herself. She seems to glow, both inside and out. She walks to her bedroom and sits down on the edge of the bed. Her head falls back onto the pillow and it isn't till then that she realizes she has not even removed her gag, collar, or the rope hobble around her ankles. She does this very slowly, dwelling on the power of her own body and its sensuality. Once again she lays back on the covers of her bed. Her eyes close and she drifts off into a most pleasant but unusual sleep as her dreams keep bursting with thoughts of how to continue the evening. She can only wait and hope he'll call back.

J.R. of OH

FOUR POSTER BRASS BED BOUND

Lying in bed on your back, wrists crossed and tied together above your head, and tethered to a line that runs to and around one of the brass frame bars and back under your arms and back, up between your legs, pressing softly into your pantied sex and onto a waist lasso, drawn tightly at its narrowest point.

Legs are spread at a forty-degree angle and tethered by a single line that runs from each ankle, around left and right bed frame bars. A two-foot stick is knotted into the tether line at its midway point. When turned like a propeller, it tightens the entire configuration, bringing more pressure to bear on every touch point, knot and limb. When slipped over the stick, <I>a key ring<I> in the line will hold it in a horizontal position, to keep it from unwinding.

All you can move are fingers, toes and head. I straddle you, sit on your crotchroped pelvis, stare down at the kinky expression on your alluring features, and the gorgeous lines on your upper body as they wait impatiently to be caressed, grabbed, pinched and kissed. You are an irresistible sight, and you know it. The perfect mischief in our eyes says it all. But not one work is spoken. We no longer need words.

I'm in nothing but my briefs. You gaze down at my contained erection and lick your moist lips, struggling sensually with self stimulation, knowing that any pull on the topes will bring your now wet-n-hungry sex closer to its inevitable boiling point...

I smile and bring my loving lips to yours. We kiss softly for a few eternities before our passions get the best of us and I stretch my entire body out atop yours. My legs are parallel to yours, pressing solidly down on them as I wrap my arms around you and squeeze the knowledge of my heart's desire into your quivering chest. Our kisses are afire with delicious abandon; our eyes closed to savor every last drop of belated affection.

Your nipples harden. My manhood swells and lengthens with need. The half-inch thick rope between your legs saws unmercifully in your now redlining juices. You thrash and writhe uncontrollably, dancing and dangling in the unrelenting grip of rope, wishing wildly to be set free, unto the overdue consummation of our love...

But I have other plans for my damsel's dilemma, other erotic pleasures to practice and play into the evening's tensions and titillations. You watch as I stand above and remove my briefs, catching your breath at the sight of my throbbing hardness. I glance at the assortment of toys waiting to be played with on a nearby table. Not a word passes between us. All is said in the twinkling of an eye.

Your soul windows are soon blindfolded with a swatch of black silk, knotted securely and stretched tightly across the top of your face. The first thing you feel are my thumbs and forefingers squeezing and pinching each sensitive nipple. Gently, at first, then with escalating vigor. You swoon and struggle with your passion before the feel of a tight lasso captures the right breast's hot and hard erection in its irreversible grip. A second lasso tethers the left breast to it, drawing them a bit closer than they were. You moan and flail your fingers, fisting them to demonstrate the inner frustration of your perfectly enjoyed predicament. I stand and walk to the stick on the ankle tether line, enjoying the indescribably sight of your disciplined form as I prepare to tighten things up a bit.

Chris Johns

Away From It All

We'd found a mountain hideaway
A cabin in the woods
It had a working fireplace
And lost of fresh dry goods

The sheets were clean, the place was dry
The ambiance was gray
The perfect place for her to try lovemaking a new way

I didn't bother telling her about my bondage bent
I simply stuck to selling her on giving her consent

A dozen skeins of nylon line were hanging on the wall
We got undressed and sipped some wine
My stick was standing tall

My bodybuilding friend remained in skimpy underwear
We flipped a coin to start the game
Melissa lost the dare

She starred at me suspiciously
But didn't say word one
Her lips were licked deliciously
Her mind was fixed on fun

Before too long her wrists were joined
And tied behind her back
I quickly did her ankle joints
Then next to her I sat

We kissed until her passions rose
And laid beside each other
She tried to struggle up real close
But I refused to love'r

Instead, I bound her lower thighs
Then joined and bound her elbows
Her face was covered with surprise
Her comments stuck to just "Oh!"s

"You are a perfect damsel,"
I said, and set the cinches
She soon had both her hands full
With my hot-hard eight inches

I sat atop her rock-hard butt
Enjoying what she gave
"Oh — Chris, don't keep me waiting,"
She sighed and moaned and begged

Her lips anticipating
With every word she said
But I was much too busy
With binding Missy's arms
It made her wild and dizzy
And heightened all her charms

I soon subdued her chest and waist
With fifty feet of rope
Her arms now pinned to them in case they tried to move or cope
I jumped up quickly, standing tall
She rolled upon her back
The sight was clearly off the wall
She stood for her attack

A dozen kisses blessed my face
Her hips she bumped and ground
But I would not get off her case
Again, I laid her down

I slowly fixed a hogtie
With hardly any slack
Connected to a crotch line
That bent her perfect back

With frantic, frenzied writhing
The rope got taut and rough
She soon got into askin',
"Oh — God, I need your touch!"

Her face was like a fire
It did all sorts of things
Reflecting a desire
That tugged and pulled my strings

But we were just beginning
The fire needed wood
Her patience kept on thinning
She did the best she could

I smiled and sipped some red wine
Then reached into my bag
She watched my moves and worked the bind

I showed her the ballgag
Her eyes went wide with wonder
I tossed it on the bed
Its presence clearly stunned her
It waited by her head

Her struggling now went crazy
Her eyelids closed halfway
My eyes waxed cool and hazy
She didn't know what to say

I sat behind her perfect fix
And stroked her perfect rump
She closed her eyes and licked her lips
And tried to grab my hump

Agape with awe, her mouth went wide
Awaiting my attack
I stuffed the ballgag deep inside
And buckled it in back

No one had ever done to her
The fix she now was in
No more was this just fun to her
The strange new discipline

Her passions rose to super heights
That made her beg for more
My touch created new delights
She'd never felt before

The fireplace grew bright with flames
They danced within her eye
My mind invented brand new games
And caused new sparks to fly

The hours passed, the sun went down
She whined for her release
I took my time, but left her bound
He spasms never ceased

Chris Johns

RENEWING THE VOWS

One touch of a button and the harsh glare from the camera light etched an incredible scene in the dimly lit bedroom. A beautiful woman lay stretched out on the bed, her body held taut by a network of rope which seemed to be pulling her apart in every direction. Her wrists were tied together to the headboard of the bed and ropes criss-crossed her torso, fasteneing her to the mattress and reducing her struggles to feeble movements. She had been wearing a frothy garter-belt, stockings and high-heeled shoes, but now one foot was bare, one stocking badly laddered and one garter-belt clip undone, revealing the fervour with which she had been stripped of her outerwear.

Now she lay with her black lingerie in disarray as she arched her back, twisted, pulled and struggled vainly to escape the sexual advances of the man who, clad only in a black g-string, pawed at her immobilized body. Her lacy black bra lay uselessly around her waist as one of his hands kneaded her voluptuous breasts, licking and sucking each rigid nipple while his other hand explored the warm, moist cavern of desire around the tiny g-string that tried ineffectively to protect her most private places among the elaborate ropework between her legs.

Though the satisfied grunts of her tormentor could clearly be heard in the room, no sound of protest, other than an occasional moan, came from the woman whose mouth had been firmly packed with underwear held in place by a folded scarf which was knotted tightly behind her head.

The camera man adjusted his equipment. *Clever pair,* he thought. *How many couples take the time to restate and rejuvenate their love as energetically and devotedly as this pair was doing — and arrange for a mutual friend to record the event on film for their future pleasure!?*

It was going to be a long, exhausting, but memorable, night.

K. ❖

TAPE TACTICS

Could you give me some info on tape gags? How can I make it less sticky, so at the time of removal, it is not painful for my wife. She likes the feel and I like the look of tape, but it is a problem for her during removal.

Bill

Your problem is understandable, and we have developed a technique to ease the too-sticky situation since our models are often tape gagged more than once in a day. We often joke about it at removal time — a cheap facial, etc. But seriously, even though it does feel quite nice to have tape pressed onto your face, sealing your lips, it can be quite uncomfortable once that tape really gets pressed down and suddenly you want to pull it off. We place the strips of tape onto our pant leg, or whatever clothing we are wearing, before we press it on the model's face. The tape picks up some of the clothing fibers and this removes some of the stickiness that the tape peels off easier when the time comes. Another technique that works well is to make sure the bondagette is wearing foundation makeup and lots of face-powder, or lotion and face-powder, before you put the tape on her face. The powder keeps the tape from sticking too much and sometimes it even works out so that the bondagette has the control as to whether or not the tape gag stays on. She can roll her face on the bed to press it on, or rub her face against the couch to get it off.

TICKLISH FAVORITES

Of all the models who have been in your tickling videos, I'd have to say Ashley Rene and Whitney Prescott are 1 and 2, in that order, for being gorgeous from head to toe. All the models have sexy figures, but for pretty faces and heads of beautiful hair, Ashley and Whitney are above the rest. I can't wait to see them together in the same video — and tickling each other yet. I probably won't even make it through half the video before I'm over the threshold. Thinking about it, I can't even write straight. What I wouldn't pay to have ten minutes to tickle either one of them, and they wouldn't even have to be naked for me to enjoy it.

The only other model who I think even comes close to those two is Ariele Cole. I love her beautiful, long, dark hair, her dark eyes and great smile. I'd like to see Ariele and Whitney together in a tickling video in the future.

R.K.

There is in existence a tickling video starring both Ashley Rene and Whitney Prescott. The video is entitled "Ticklish" (TK-1). It is 45 minutes long, and it was directed by Kristine Imboch. It was made a few years back (1989), but it is still available from Harmony for $40 in VHS and $45 in European format PAL-VHS. Whitney ties and tickles Ashley, then Ashley returns the favor. In the end they awake to discover they are both handcuffed to the bed. Immediately they begin vengefully tickling each other's exposed feet. They agree to stop, but neither one trusts the other. It's very funny and sexy.

SECURELY SEATED

with Anne Stonebrook tied, chained, locked and pump gagged by J.

LIVING IN THE PAST

A few weeks ago I went back to the old neighborhood. Charlie Bea's big red barn is gone — supermarket now. Where my house used to be is an apartment complex, complete with swimming pool. The three-room school is now thirty-six rooms. The gravel road down past Ole Oleson's place is a four lane thoroughfare. The old farmhouse is still there, showing its age. Ole is gone now. Mrs. Oleson was sitting on the porch. She must be into her high eighties now. I stopped and introduced myself.

"Remember me? I used to deliver the paper, back in '49," I asked.

"I remember you. You always tried to throw the paper on the porch. More often you missed though. You used to be a skinny kid. My God, you got fat."

Everything changed, except Mrs. Oleson's sharp tongue.

I guess what I'm trying to say is, you can't go back. Maybe I should say you shouldn't try to go back. I don't mean to be cruel, but I wish Jennifer West hadn't come back. The years haven't been too kind to her. I'm sorry that I couldn't have remembered her the way she was in "Long Day's Bondage For Jennifer," November 24, 1978, 10:17 a.m. Just the same as I'm sorry that I tried to go back to my old neighborhood.

Sometimes it is better to just remember. Maybe Bettie Page is right. Let's keep our memories, perhaps it is better to live in the past.

The Bad Penny

CREATIVE CRITIQUING

A few weeks ago, I received BL68 and wrote to you of my complete satisfaction with it. With that in mind, I ordered BL66 because of references to it in the letter section of BL68. I also ordered *Love Bondage Treasures 49,* but I'll get to that later. I was pleased with both magazines.

The interview with Sharon Kane was very informative. She has always held my fascination and this interview did nothing to lessen that. She could tie and gag me any time (this comment may get me in trouble with my wife!). It was nice to see her with Ms. L'Amour, although I would have preferred to see her on the receiving end. I first saw her as one of Simone Devon's bondagettes. "The Mansion" was very good reading and I will have to pick up more issues to catch up with it. The drawings helped me understand the types of bondage the people were in.

"By The People" and "Harmony Forum" showed the great diversity of likes (fetishes might be a better word) of those who read the magazine! I really enjoyed Tied Suzi's letter. I'll go ahead and add my two cents worth. I do like the gags. I feel they are the most important part. If they look loose, it is kind of a turn-off because you know that they can be spit out. "Auntie Jane" type bondage is very intriguing. I disagree with both DA and Aritne. I don't feel that you have lost any edge, but I have only just started and have only two magazines to judge by. I also don't feel that it needs to be softer. These are only my opinions, so don't take them as gospel.

Your "Editorialines" and "Tielines" were educational as usual. As far as male bondage goes, I am not sure. Though I am the one who is tied and gagged, I'm not sure if I want to see other men tied up. I prefer to see beautiful women bound and gagged. There is just something about that! Still, I put myself in the woman's place and I might be able to do the same with the man. I agree that the woman who did the binding needs to be in the picture. However, I am one of those who want men to be men, not cross-dressed. Again, just my preference.

The pictures were great as usual. "The Buddy System," Sarah Foster Tate, Tory Sinclair and Becca were all very nice models who took very stimulating pictures. The picture on the back cover was fabulous. There needed to be more of that person! As usual, "Bound For Hollywood" was very informative.

Now a short word about LBT49. Give us more of the model on the cover! Who is she? She was most excellent! Also noteworthy were the models of "The Real Deal" and of course, Laurel Blake.

I can hardly wait for more.

M

The photo was taken by Gad, an amateur photographer who contributed many photos a few years ago. He subsequently passed away and so there is no way of knowing anything more about any of his lovely bondagettes. Based on her outfit and surroundings, we'd guess the picture was taken sometime around 1975 to 1979. As implied by the magazine title, the photo is truly a Love Bondage photo treasure.

BAD BALLGAGS

What is it with all this damn ballgag stuff?! I hate ballgags! They are an absolute visual turnoff! That said, admittedly I have found, courtesy of some videos, that the distress sounds emitted by bound, ballgagged bondagettes are almost as good as when they are tape gagged. But visually, ballgags are just plain bizarre. They are not at all sensuous or sensual. Whatever happened to good old-fashioned kerchief gags? As you might have guessed, my ultimate turn-on is a taped mouth (white tape preferably). Basic, classic B&G (bound and gagged, lying on a couch, fully clothed, legs together, ankles tied, wrists tied behind back, squirming and wriggling sensuously) is so hard to come by. Chair ties and hogties are also quite good — always with a taped mouth. Kerchief gags come in a close second. I do love a bondagette's hands to be tied in front of her, as long as she can't reach her gag to pull it off or peel it off. And I always, without exception, prefer legs tied together rather than apart. Believe me, if I could ban or outlaw ballgags permanently, I would do so in a heartbeat!

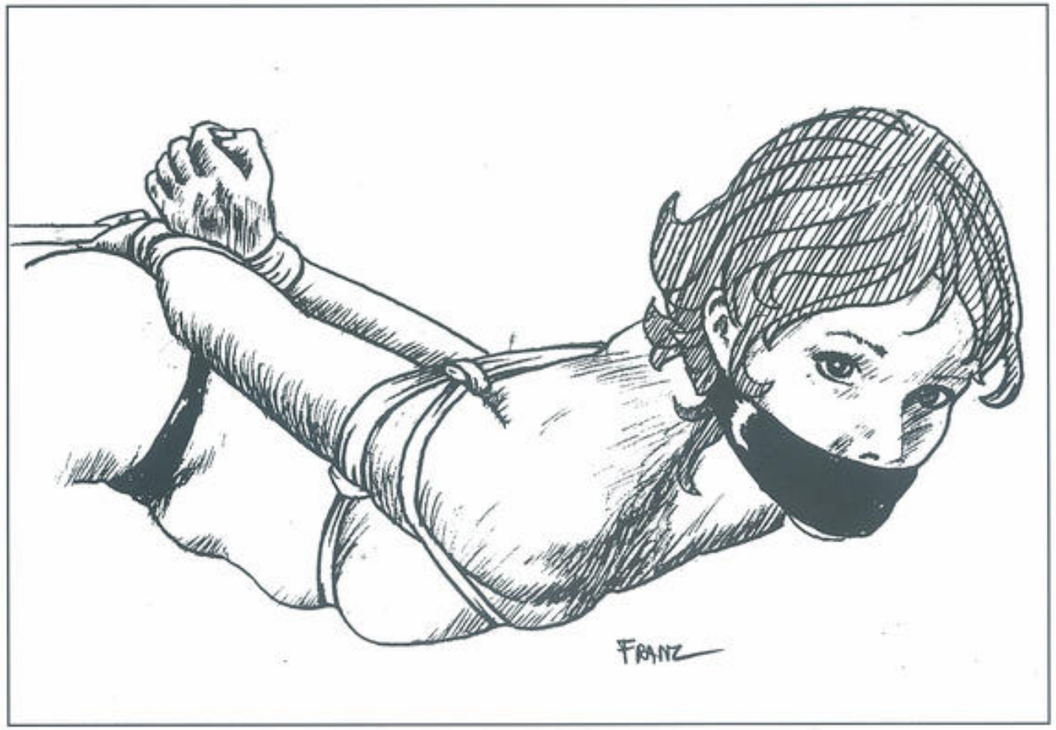
On another topic, large breasts are a big, big, big turn-off to me! I have never ever understood the American male obsession with oversized breasts. And I am an American male. Demographically, early forties.

Thirdly, I generally prefer fully clad bound beauties to naked and tied. Slender, of course! Small to medium breasts.

I don't know why bondage moves me so much. It profoundly arouses me erotically. Actually, I have theorized about it going back to my early formative years — analyzed myself. Waiting for bondage scenes to show up on TV has been an exercise in futility, and when they do show up they are maddeningly short-lived. So I frequent adult book stores to fulfill my longing, and hopefully will soon find a willing female B&D partner. I did have a girlfriend in the early 80s who put up with my desire to experiment with bondage — finally. She was slightly older than me and quite beautiful in her own way. We experimented haphazardly. Both of us ended up with numb fingers, at least once each, after having our wrists tied — so we learned the hard way that you have to be careful when playing around with this stuff! Tying somebody up in her pajamas would be really nice. Or a bathrobe. A hand clamped over a mouth is quite wonderful. A gagged and hogtied businesswoman would be sweet — on the floor, couch, or bed. Sweet!

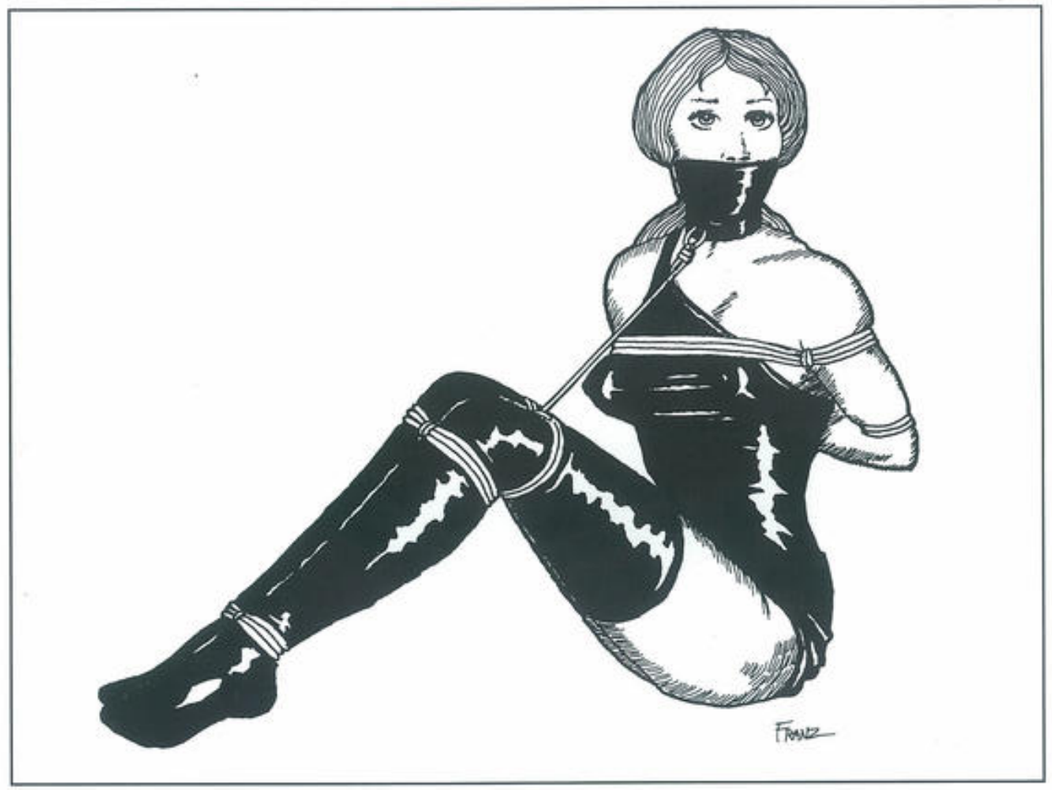
P.J.

You must realize that if you were given the right and power to ban all ballgags, then you have to assume, this being a democratic society, that someone else would then have the right and power to ban all tape gags, because they feel they are too ugly and too difficult to remove. Be careful what you wish for... Also, thanks for the reminder that we must be careful too, when tying our loved ones. Wrists need not be tied extremely tight. Neat ropework, carefully cinched, will stay put as though it were really tight. Sometimes too, numbness can occur if you are lying on hands that are bound behind your back.



Beauty in the Barn

Leah and her partner L.T. play "find the phone in the haystack."



Roll onto your side and clench your fists a few times to get the flow going again.

WHY NOT NEWSSTANDS?

In your editorial in BL68 you said the time has come when Harmony products are "appropriate for display on any coffee table." I agree wholeheartedly, and I suggest a first step is to get BL and other Harmony magazines onto newsstands alongside *Playboy, Penthouse, Gallery, Playgirl,* and others. I know that up to now Harmony has favored mail-order over retail sales, but I think it's time for a change. Adult bookstores are a relatively small market, while newsstands reach everyone. Harmony magazines should be no less acceptable to the general public than the ones already there. For example, one of your competitors' pulp mini-mags and full glossy magazine appeared on a newsstand in Crystal City, VA. The magazine sold out in a week.

On another topic, I hope Chelsea takes G.D. of CA up on his challenge (BL68) that due to a woman's inherently weaker nature, she cannot hogtie him so he can't escape within an hour. I firmly believe physical strength has nothing to do with it, but technique and the right kind of rope does. Many turns of a quarter-inch rope, which looks great in pictures and videos, may loosen with much sweaty struggling, as suggested in the response. On the other hand, I'd be willing to add to the bet (pay G.D. if he escapes) if Chelsea uses thin nylon cord, looped and knotted once around each wrist and ankle independently before tying the wrists and ankles together, and then ties all the loose ends to a ceiling hook so G.D. can't rub the cords against the floor or anything else to cut them. One other thing; trim his fingernails very short and file them smooth.

I don't know why you call it "Bound For Controversy." Why should it be any more controversial to tie up a man for pleasure than to tie up a woman? There appears still to be a double standard here. There's also a double standard in how photographers/directors tie their models. Women usually get tied up quite tightly, but in nearly all pictures of men in bondage, the ropes are so loose that it's a joke. Are the men afraid to submit to real bondage? Is that a half-bowknot I see on Keith on Page 74 of BL68? What is your opinion on the apparent inequality between men and women in bondage as we see it in magazines and videos?

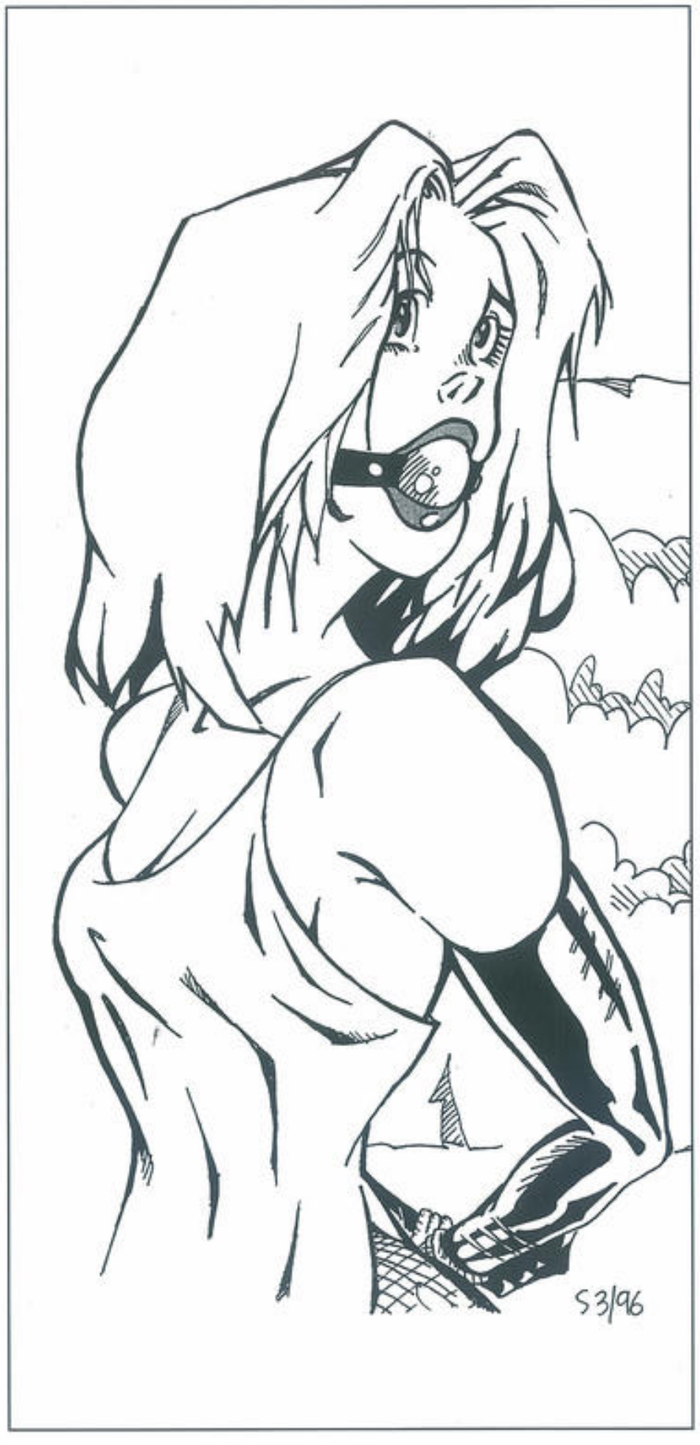
Cordon of VA

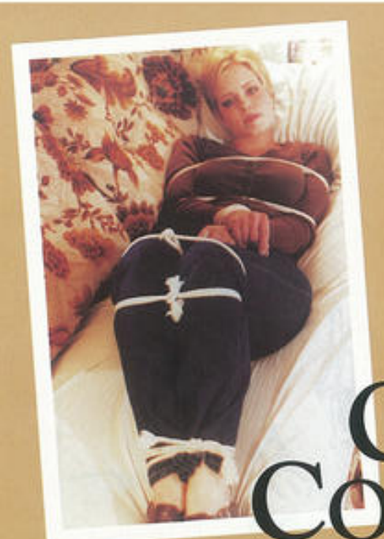
Our opinion would vary depending on the video. The Harmony Male Bondage video series, made by the likes of Kristine Imboch, Simone Devon and yours truly, depict men in bondage that is every bit as real as the bondage in these directors' female bondage videos. One must also take into consideration the flexibility of the male. Most men have a difficult time reaching their ankles from behind their backs, like in a hogtie, while most women can so do this pretty easily. In fact, it's been our experience that some men are so buffed out they have trouble crossing their wrists behind their backs. These non-limber men pose a special problem to their binder, but that doesn't mean the ropemistresses haven't been able to come up with a solution or two to get around these sets of circumstances. Take the pictures of J. Stonebrook, tied by Anne, in BL69. While he may not be experiencing an extreme degree of tightness, Anne has certainly managed to get him on his knees in order to keep him on his toes. He's not going anywhere. And Keith in BL68 looks to be pretty competently roped up by Vi, enough to enjoy the reality of such a sensation.

HANDCUFFS IN PUBLIC

I would like to comment about the letter by DeNell in BL68. Going handcuffed together to public places seemed to me going a little bit over the top. That would look to me more like a couple very fresh in love or very attached to each other, rather than a couple into B&D. When looking for a symbol, the handcuff earring is not a bad idea. How about an earring or a necklace pendant shaped like a ballgag?

Dirk from Germany ■





COZY COMFORT

Esmerelda experiences traditional Love Bondage

by Bob of WV

FRAMED!

Polly of PA corseted and chained to her bondage frame

CONCENTRATED CONTEMPLATION
...or bondage for art's sake

Brunette Kelsie Chambers and blonde Stacy Burke collaborate in erotically artistic rope-bondage adventures.

Stacy's and Kelsie's adventures are available on video. **"Chelsea's Video Gallery"** (C-19) is 40 minutes and is available for $35 in VHS or PAL-VHS. See the Harmony order form on page 4.

TieLines
The Subject Is Bondage

by **Chelsea Pfeiffer**

Considering we are the sixth editorial staff of *Bondage Life*, we found (after seeing it in its finished format) the cover of the last issue very interesting. It was a mini history lesson for us and we found there were many things to discuss concerning all of those covers. (Get out your copy of BL69 — you'll need it for reference.) Some of the things we wondered about the cover of BL69: quick — which model appears on the most covers? Did you remember to add issue Number 69 into the count? Darla Crane is the answer. How many covers did RQH do? Ten, or possibly eleven. Here's the listing of models and photographers:

Issue Number 1: Alana Cole, photographed by Robert Q. Harmon.
Issue Number 2: Jennifer Miles, by RQH.
Number 3: Anne Harris (real groovy boots and great nearly see-through panties!), by RQH.
Number 4: Model name unknown, photograph by RQH.
Number 5: Anna Neider is tying Teri Davis, by RQH.
Number 6: Libby Curtis is tying Michelle Page, by RQH.
Number 7: Jennifer ready for shipment in a bit of a bundle, by RQH.
Number 8: Rita Gilbert, by Sean Harper.
Number 9: Contortionist Dawn Chauvain tied as only she could be, by RQH.
Number 10: Unmistakeably Laurel Blake, by RQH.
Number 11: Maria Tortuga, by RQH.
Number 12: Holly Summers, photographed by Jed Kendall or John Floyd.
Number 13: Unforgettable Pia Sands, by Jed Kendall or John Floyd.
Number 14: Model name unknown, by Jed or John.
Number 15: Jean of England, photographed by her partner Roy.
Number 16: Mix of contributors' photos — Lady Shoes, by J.R. of OH, Sarah Foster Tate and friend by Atreus among them.
Number 17: Model name unknown, photographed by Volcane.
Number 18: Gayle Jemerson, photographed by ?
Number 19: Model name unknown, photographed by Jed Kendall or John Floyd.
Number 20: Helga Von Sturm, by Volcane.

Editorial Apology

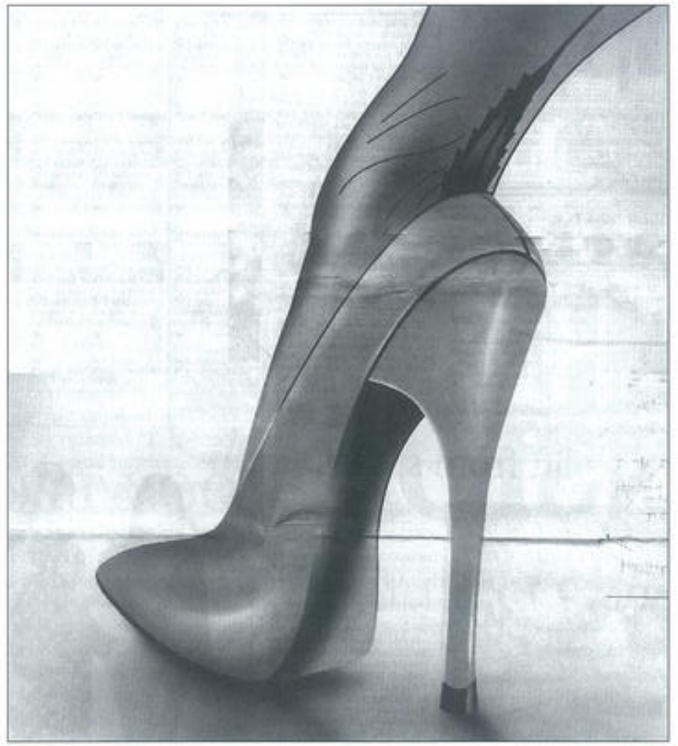
We apologize for not noticing the gross misspelling of Shirley MacLaine's name in the "Chair Ties" section of BL69. Of course we knew that her name is not McLean!

Number 21: Helga again, by JayDee.
Number 22: Katrina Vicente, by ?
Number 23: Bonnie Bondrite, by Hanby Downs.
Number 24: Danielle Simone, by Eric Holman.
Number 25: Bondage legend Debra Lee, by Eric Holman.
Number 26: Pia Sands, by Eric Holman.
Number 27: Debra Lee, by JayDee.
Number 28: Gwen D. Lynn, by Simone Devon.
Number 29: Jaime Jean's red high heeled and ropebound

feet, by Simone Devon.
Number 30: Sharon Beacon, by Simone Devon.
Number 31: Gwen D. Lynn, photographed by Simone Devon.
Number 32: Model name unknown, by Volcane.
Number 33: Sharon Beacon, by Simone Devon.
Number 34: Sharon Beacon, by Simone Devon.
Number 35: Lorraine VanOwen and her boyfriend, by Brian Tarsis.
Number 36: Marley Haze with Chelsea Pfeiffer silhouetted in foreground, by Kristine Imboch.
Number 37: Gwen D. Lynn, by Simone Devon and art by Brian Tarsis.
Number 38: Maria Tortuga, by Brian Tarsis.
Number 39: Betsy Demont, by Chelsea Pfeiffer.
Number 40: Whitney Prescott, by Brian Tarsis.
Number 41: Sharon Beacon, by Simone Devon.
Number 42: Toshiko Ryan, by Kristine Imboch.
Number 43: Darla Crane, by Chelsea Pfeiffer.
Number 44: Amy Jae, by Kristine Imboch.
Number 45: Ona Zee, by Kristine.
Number 46: Teri Rose, by Eric Holman.
Number 47: Eve Davis, by Chelsea.
Number 48: Allison Brach and Elise de Medici, by Chelsea.
Number 49: Popular amateur model Willow, by Chelsea.
Number 50: Darla Crane and Summer Knight, by Kristine Imboch.
Number 51: Ashley Rene, by Chelsea.
Number 52: Allison Brach, by Chelsea.
Number 53: Sharon Kane and Stephanie Locke in boots, by Simone Devon.
Number 54: Alexis Payne and Isis Nile, by Jon Woods.
Number 55: Samantha Adams, by Jon Woods.
Number 56: Ashley Rene and Kristine Imboch, by Jon Woods.
Number 57: Artwork by Turk.
Number 58: Alexis Payne, Summer Knight and Ronnie Avignone, by Star Chandler.
Number 59: Stacie A. of Australia, by Partner.
Number 60: Sarah-Jane Hamilton, by Star Chandler.
Number 61: Tanya Fox, by Arthur Bruin.
Number 62: Sylja Kuryakin, by Chelsea Pfeiffer.
Number 63: Darla Crane, by Raul Silva.
Number 64: Alexis Payne, Kristine Imboch, Darla Crane, Samantha Adams, Chelsea Pfeiffer and Star Chandler, by Ross Davidson.
Number 65: Star Chandler, by Chelsea Pfeiffer with digital art by CAGE.
Number 66: Catalina L'Amour, by Chelsea.
Number 67: Kristine Imboch and Leonard Ayrsteel, by Aaron James.
Number 68: Kelly Ashton, artwork by Franco Saudelli, photo by Chelsea.
Number 69: All of the above, designed by Carlos Stagg.

Did we miss anybody, or credit the wrong person mistakenly? We do have some of the answers, but where we don't, or we're wrong, please feel free to write in with the correct information if you have it. If you know how to fill in any of the blanks, send us the answer. Whoever gets the answers to us first gets a free BG-97B preview tape...

From *The New York Times* for Sunday, August 24, 1997 — "La Nouvelle Justine, a new restaurant in New York City, at 206 West 23rd Street, bills itself as the world's first S&M cafe. It's not the waiters with whips, the diners in high chairs, or the calculated sense of depravity inside that has some neighbors complaining. It is what's hanging outside. It's the bound hands that seem to bother the sign's critics most." The drawing on the restaurant's sign is a John Willie illustration from *Bizarre*. We have mixed feelings about this. We know we've been pushing for bondage in the mainstream forever, but if this kind of entertainment is so easily and openly available, who will need us anymore? On the other hand, we're glad John Willie is finally out



there on display where his work can be appreciated by the masses. This information was sent to us by the contributor of many a beautiful photo known as A Manhattanite. Thanks...

"Killer Heels" is the headline in the Cleveland Ohio newspaper *The Plain Dealer* for Thursday, September 4, 1997. The article, written by the paper's fashion editor, discusses the reasons why women, in spite of the many facts offered by doctors warning against the unhealthy aspects of wearing high heels, continue to buy and wear high (and in some cases high, HIGH) heels. The author comes to the conclusion that, "Sex will win over sensibility any day." "They are the ultimate in sexiness," says a designer whom the article quoted. "They make a woman look and feel sensual." The illustration that accompanies the article looks like it came straight out of the pages of this magazine. Says the kind contributor who sent in the article, TPO of Ohio, "I thought you might enjoy the picture and the article and somehow fit it in to your magazine. When I picked up the morning paper, the illustration on the page knocked my socks off! I hope you and your coworkers enjoy it as much as I did." We did! And we've yet more evidence now that things are really cookin' back there in Ohio...

Answers to photo quiz

Kelly Ashton = d
Stacy Burke = f
Nancy Vee = g
Simone Devon = a
Tory Sinclair = e
Summer Knight = b
Daphne Meadows = c

Newcomer contributor Kim of IL and her partner wrote in to say, "Thank you very much for making my lifelong dream of contributing to BL (#68) a reality. I remember in 1979 seeing my first issue. I think it was BL4. And now, after all these years, Kim and I can pick up our coffee table magazine and see her immortalized in full color. I live in Wisconsin and Kim lives in Maryland. I hope the next time we are together, we can take some more photos to send you. Thank you for sending us the issue and thank you for your hard work, which has brought me so much pleasure for over twenty years!" No, really Kim and partner, THANK YOU! And if you'd like to join Kim and her partner in the sending of photos of your partner in bondage, please do! We can never get enough. Send them along with a signed release, photo I.D. (a picture of the model — head shot only — holding his/her driver's license or other picture I.D. under the chin) and a signed and dated photocopy of their I.D. to: Harmony Concepts, P.O. Box 69976, West Hollywood, CA 90069. We develop your film and send you a set of prints, your negatives and a free copy of the magazine in which your pictures are published...

There's a little shop down the street that caught our eye one day. It's a used clothing store that specializes in neckties called Tied 2 B Fit. It reminded us of Harmony model, Tiffany Storm, who stated during the interview portion of her Model Profile video that she believes she has a necktie fetish. We think that if we were to interview more women in the Love Bondage community, we'd find that there may be something to the necktie fetish. Neckties after all are quite sexy, usually made of some kind of silk and very attractive when worn with the right shirt and suit. It's easy to get going on a fantasy about an attractive, assured executive who might, after an elegant night on the town, use his tie in a very practical, personal Love Bondage game for which it was never intended, but should have been...

Warning: We're going to indulge in a little shameless self-promotion. If you've been wondering about that audio tape that was released in mid-November (bulletin number 1997-32) you should take a chance and get one. You won't be disappointed — especially if you're a fan of "The Mansion." We had a great time making it. We worked with Sharon Kane in her home recording studio. She has a very professional set-up and we got to read into a microphone with a headset on, just like in the big time recording studios! Sharon was wonderful and very patient when we made one mistake after another. Then, she edited the tape and added music and sound effects. She said she was rolling around on the floor with a sock stuffed in her mouth to create sound effects for the part where Nancy

Anderson experiences her first hogtie on the floor of the entry way of The Mansion. In fact, she did many muffled gag noises throughout the tape — and did them well! A Harmonizer who did take a chance on the tape wrote in to say it was, "Excellent, splendid, outstanding, terrific. And that's not soft soap. I shall anxiously await the follow-up tapes. I would imagine you put a lot of time into this tape, rehearsing and preparing — and your efforts produced a quality product." We thank him for his comments, especially since this particular Harmonizer isn't always easy to please, and is always sure to let us know when he feels something wasn't up to standard. Listen to it in your car on your daily commute or whenever you use your Walkman. The tape, GAG's "The Mansion" (AUDIO-1) is $15, and you can get it by using the order form on page 4!

HAPPY HARMONY LOVE BONDAGE NEW YEAR!

THE MANSION, BOOK TWO

Chapter Seven

The college chums sat eating alone in uneasy silence in the Chateau's steamy kitchen. Debby's eyes darted from one friend to the other. She was the first to finish her meal as usual and studied her friends as they ate. No longer able to control her enthusiasm over her new revelations, she finally blurted, "I don't know how it was for the rest of you, but I have to admit...," she looked about her as all eyes became glued on her, "Well damnit, I'm not afraid to say it was fabulous!"

Their mouths fell open.

For while Nancy had been neatly tied in one mud bath, she had also had the pleasure of seeing her four friends bound in the one next to hers — tied to each corner like pockets on a pool table. And she had watched the bellhops hop from one bath to the other in their insatiable lust.

Now, after hot showers, and locked in heavy rubber leg sheaths, they all sat self-consciously eating at the dinner table — pretty mermaids all in a row: Nancy, Cynthia, Kathy, Susan and Debby.

"You mean to sit there and tell me you enjoyed it?" Kathy was the first to find her voice. "Bound and gagged with big red balls in our mouths like pigs served up for dinner? You were taken Debby Jean, we all were." She looked over at Nancy for confirmation. In fact, they all turned to Nancy who had been strangely quiet. Nancy was looking down at her plate, toying with her food.

"I dunno about the rest of you either, but since Debby brought it up in her usual impulsive way, I had some of the greatest orgasms I've ever had," Susan said matter-of-factly. All eyes fell upon her. "Well, I'm not afraid to admit it either," she snapped.

All the ladies smiled to themselves. Debby giggled.

"I don't believe this. We were forcibly bound and gagged, and you sit there and tell me it was fun!" Kathy almost shouted.

"They certainly had endurance!" Cynthia suddenly said.

Somehow, hearing her say this in her cultured, staid English accent, caused the rest to suddenly burst out laughing. Kathy fumed, ignoring them.

"Better than my boyfriend's performance, and the *size* of some of them!" Debby said in awe.

That did it. The dam of tension burst into torrents of laughter as each girlfriend shared what they had all been secretly thinking.

"I loved the way they hopped around in the mud — and those cute rear ends," Debby added innocently.

That only brought more laughter.

"I'm in love with the redheaded one," Susan said.

"Oh yes, he was quite good. Wasn't he?" Cynthia added.

"Wait a minute, how about that blonde hunk!" Debby said indignantly.

"I can't believe I'm hearing this," Kathy said sharply.

"Oh come off it Kath! A little kinky, a little uncomfortable, but I have to agree with Debby — never have I been taken like that," Susan said. "It was so...so...animalistic!"

"We were sacrificial lambs on the altar," Debby said wistfully, "maidens served up to the Gods!"

"Is that what you were fantasizing?" asked Kathy.

"Kathy, we were all fantasizing. It was our only defense for the moment," Nancy said reflectively. "She did this to all of you to get back at me. She picked those men because she knew I couldn't stand them. She thought this would be the ultimate punishment — to teach me a lesson. I wasn't going to give her the satisfaction." She paused and glanced at the others. "I don't know...maybe the warm mud relaxed me. Maybe it was because some of them were good..." She looked up embarrassed, "...maybe because the restraint helped to release my inhibitions. Perhaps we all have fantasies of one sort or another as Debby suggested. But I have to admit it wasn't at all what I expected. My attitude toward those bellhops has certainly changed," Nancy admitted, her face a little red.

"After it was all over, I felt...I don't know...really fulfilled," Debby said dreamily.

"You mean *finally!*" Kathy snapped.

"Oh come off it Kath! The only reason you're not admitting you enjoyed it is because you weren't in charge!" Debby retorted. "I've seen you with your boyfriend, we all have — and how you lead him around by his nose. I bet when you have sex you're always on *top!*"

Once again, Debby had said aloud what they had all been secretly thinking about Kathy for some time. They laughed hysterically until Kathy had no recourse but to join them, blushing self-consciously.

"Okay, you're right," Kathy chuckled good naturedly. "All I wanted — while those bastards were doing it — was to do it to them! I wanted *them* tied up like we were."

"But they were," Cynthia said innocently.

"Not like we were," Kathy shot back.

"Wait a minute — I get it. You wanted *them* to be the sacrificial lambs. But, how could *we*have — bound and gagged the way we were — with our legs tied *together?*" Debby asked, her mind trying to decipher this engineering feat.

"Who said anything about *us* being tied up?" Kathy replied sweetly.

They all laughed uproariously.

"Point well taken!" Nancy laughed, tears in her eyes, not so much from what was said but from their general attitude. They would be able to stand up to anything Natalie chose to do to them. And for that she was relieved and grateful. She had been worried for them when she had first seen them. Now she knew her old friends' sense of humor was still intact — something they would all come to need in the days to come.

And so, while the friends laughed about their so-called punishment, downstairs, Natalie slept on her satin sheets, upstairs, a smile on her face. She was completely unaware her plan had backfired. Unfortunately, she just wasn't in tune with the new generation of women who shared their most intimate sexual experiences among themselves in a totally relaxed manner, using locker room language which would have caused their fathers to blush. They were the new generation of ladies who were more aggressive in their sexual appetites than even some of their male counterparts — women whose sexual prowess and knowledge would have shocked their mothers' sensibilities. It really came down to a question of who was taking whom.

But now as Natalie slept, she would have been most interested in how the conversation had turned to her.

"I'd like to have an hour with Natalie tied to a rafter and gagged with a tennis ball," Kathy said. "And me with a nice big paddle."

"Why Kathy, this is a side of you I've never seen," Susan said slyly. "Well you can stay here in kinkyland all you want. I admit it's been fun, but it's time to leave as far as I'm concerned. Maybe some of you have been worn down," she glanced meaningfully at Nancy, "but I intend to get the hell out of here."

"Kathy, we all feel the same way," Nancy sighed. "None of us has been worn down. What the hell do you think I was doing when you came up on us with Natalie. When I first saw you all there, all tied up in Natalie's clutches, I felt grateful to have such good friends — friends who would risk so much to help Cynthia and me. I can't express how I felt. But, I knew then and there that I was responsible for the mess I got you into. I vowed to get us all out of here as soon as possible."

"Nancy, I'm really the one who is responsible," Cynthia said quietly.

Now, after hot showers, and locked in heavy rubber leg sheaths, they all sat self-consciously eating at the dinner table — pretty mermaids all in a row...

"Okay, now that we've passed the guilt around, how *do* we get out of here?" Kathy snapped.

"We play it by ear. I have no real plan. After Natalie caught me writing in the snow, she'll really be watching me. The only thing to do is watch for when an opportunity presents itself. We have to try and reach the guests somehow," Nancy answered.

"But what about the staff? I can't believe they're all volunteers. I can understand the men in their own twisted perverted ways, but the women? Surely there must be..." Kathy stopped, seeing Nancy and Cynthia sadly shaking their heads.

"All of them?" Kathy asked incredulously.

"We've already tried them," Cynthia said wearily.

"I don't believe it!"

"I can!" Debby said.

"Look, we're more in numbers now — more of us for Natalie to watch. One of us is bound to get lucky, and when we..." Nancy was interrupted by the swinging kitchen doors.

"Good evening ladies!" a tall nicely made-up brunette said as she entered the kitchen, her long hair held back by a gaily colored scarf in contrast to her black leather catsuit. Something Nancy had observed about Natalie's staff — they all still strove for individuality, adding a sash of color here and there to their regulation uniforms. This one also wore large hoop earrings and heavy eye makeup that Nancy didn't care for. She seemed born to

written and illustrated by **George Arthur Green**

her tight leather catsuit and walked with the easy grace of someone accustomed to high stiletto heels. The top portion of her catsuit zippered down almost to her navel, revealing nicely formed soft, white breasts in obvious relief to her course leather catsuit with all its garish, masculine studs, buckles and zippers.

The style in which the woman wore her bizarre leather and her nonchalance reminded Kathy of Monica and Mary. *God!* She hoped they weren't still locked up in those horrible suitcases.

The brunette was carrying a handful of rubber gear and the ladies didn't have to guess who it was all meant for. The same brunette and her companions had showered them off and placed them in their sheaths earlier. Now she was returning with the rest of their ensemble for the night.

She wrapped it once around Nancy's ankles, pulling her ankles together, and refastened the chain to her cuff. Nancy, as well as the others, would stay put.

"I'm delighted you enjoyed your meal...all those empty plates. I'm the spa's dietitian," she said gaily.

"Oh, you're the one who *whips* up everything!" Debby said without thinking as usual.

The friends giggled.

Bad pun, Debby! Nancy thought, *but funny nonetheless.*

"Oh *touché!* We have a comedienne in our midst. How delightful. Frankly, I think there are some of you who could use a diet." She looked meaningfully at Debby. "Perhaps a starvation diet?"

"Oh, I enjoyed the leek soap. Oh dear, did I say soap? I meant soup, of course."

Shut up Debby before you get us all in trouble, Nancy thought and gave Debby a mean look.

The brunette chose not to spar any further with her, knowing she would have the upper hand in the end. She dropped her gear on an adjacent table and began sorting through the pile until she collected the items she needed first.

"All right ladies, if you'll be so kind as to put these on first," she said as she walked around the table dispensing leather pear gags as if she were passing out after-dinner mints, their straps and buckles rattling onto the table with each toss. Kathy, Susan and Debby looked down at the mouth-filling leather objects with disgust. Nancy and Cynthia hardly noticed them

Kathy looked questionably over at Nancy who along with Cynthia shrugged her shoulders and opened her jaws wide. She began see-sawing the gag between her teeth and into her mouth.

What did they expect? Nancy wondered. *What else could she do? What else could any of them do for the moment — sheathed in rubber from the waist down, their stiletto-booted ankles cuffed to a ring bolt in the floor beneath their chairs?* She wasn't a miracle worker.

The ladies looked at Nancy and Cynthia (who was already buckling hers) and then at their gags with distaste. Slowly, one after the other, they reluctantly jammed them into their mouths.

Nothing like gagging yourself, Kathy thought bitterly.

The brunette walked in a circle behind them as they struggled to cinch the straps. Then, looking at her charges in a motherly fashion, she checked their gags individually, and if she felt they needed it, she tightened them an extra notch. When she came to Debby, she tightened her gag more than just a notch, pulling on the strap so hard that poor Debby's cheeks bulged over the gag. Then she padlocked each of their gags permanently closed with small locks she carried in her hand, jiggling them as if she held a handful of peanuts.

"I hope that the leather tastes better than the soup did," said the brunette, patting Debby on the head. "There — well, that's done it very nicely ladies," she said in the suddenly silent room as they all glared at her. "One way to keep us girls from gossiping, isn't it?"

"Haw, haw!" Kathy said through her gag. It came out sounding, "Aumph, aumph!" She didn't appreciate the brunette's sense of humor, nor the way she had treated Debby.

The brunette didn't even hear her small sounds as she busily sifted through the rest of the pile. This time she produced heavy rubber straitjackets. She chose Nancy first, and solicitously helped her thrust her hands into the sleeves that ended in mittens. She zippered up the front of the jacket and buckled and padlocked the high collar as Nancy ruefully sat there, her arms and hands lost in the sleeves, the buckles and straps at their ends clanging against the side of the table. The brunette reached across Nancy and gently folded her arms and fastened the sleeves together behind her back, cinching them tightly until Nancy let out an "umph" of protest through her gag. The brunette helped Nancy stand as the rest looked on sadly — seeing a preview of what lay in store for them. A series of straps encircling the bottom of Nancy's straitjacket were drawn through buckles attached to her leg sheath and the brunette methodically tightened each one until the jacket and sheath appeared as one. Satisfied with her work, she placed her hands on Nancy's shoulders.

"All right dear, you can sit back down while I attend to the rest."

In turn, each woman was assisted into her straitjacket by the brunette until they all sat mutely in a row — bound and gagged rubber mermaids. Hoods to the jackets were now stretched up over their heads, the brunette carefully tucking in their hair until only the ovals of their faces were seen. From the nose up, they peered back at her, the lower part of their faces concealed beneath the wide leather band of their gags, blending into the rubber hood.

Now it was only a small matter for the brunette to unfasten their ankle chains from between the ring bolt and refasten them to the cuffs, creating a hobble. She helped each stand and unzippered their tight leg sheaths up to their thighs so each could walk, albeit at a slow shuffle, and then fasted a long inter-connected chain to each of their collars, arranging them into a coffle. Taking the leash and fastening it to Nancy's collar (so that Nancy had the honor of being first), the brunette turned and walked from the kitchen. The ladies, having no choice but to follow, tottered behind her in a single line on their high heels, their chins thrust into the air.

They filed through the closed dining room, weaving between the tables in the dark. Someone banged into a chair behind Nancy and it skidded noisily across the floor, echoing in the quiet room. *Probably Debby,* Nancy thought. She really couldn't blame her. She glared at the back of the brunette's head as the woman sauntered through the dark dining room at a normal pace, causing the girls to double time in order to keep up. *Damn, I wish she'd slow down.* "Click, click, click," their high heeled boots rang across the hard floor.

Nancy could now hear a far off juke box, which became louder as they made their way across the cavernous room. She saw a light glowing beneath a door at the far end of the room and realized that was where the brunette was taking them. She now heard a loud, crying, country western ballad distinctly bellowing from the room beyond. *Odd kind of music to hear in Switzerland,* she thought. They came to the door and the brunette threw it open, leading her charges into a smoky room filled with the noise from the jukebox, clinking glasses and laughing. Nancy saw two bartenders, cuffed and gagged, attending to a crowd that filled the room and lined the bar. It was quite a sight.

Women and men in various forms of restraint sat on barstools while a similar crowd behind them surged against them for drinks. A woman dressed in a silver leather catsuit (she was closest to Nancy) sat on a barstool. She was leaning forward sipping her drink through a straw, her hands laced into a single-glove behind her. The straw disappeared into a matching silver casque that enclosed her head. A huge pear gag loosely dangled from a strap connected to her helmet. Her male companion seemed amused as he watched her blindly drink.

A middle aged woman, dressed provocatively in a low-cut satin blouse and tight satin skirt, was dancing with a male in a matching satin catsuit — something Nancy had never seen before. Both wore satin covered high heeled boots. The man's hands were cruelly cuffed high up behind him to a bit gag that forced him to stare at the ceiling. Somehow he still managed to follow the music as the heavy-set woman hauled him around the dance floor — her head on his shoulders, her eyes closed, her hands gripping his buttocks. Watch out anyone who got in their way. The other dancers discreetly avoided her. How they managed was a miracle in itself, since half of them were also restrained in one way or another.

The brunette dropped Nancy's leash, knelt down and

quickly unfastened her hobble chain. She wrapped it once around Nancy's ankles, pulling her ankles together, and refastened the chain to her cuff. Nancy, as well as the others, would stay put. The coffled girlfriends watched the brunette saunter over to the bar and join a stringy blonde friend, another of Natalie's staff. When Nancy saw her order a drink, she looked over at her friends and sighed. It was going to be a long night.

Occasionally, the dancers in their bizarre attire looked over at Nancy and her friends with interest, and then continued dancing. Nancy stood carefully so she wouldn't fall and looked sadly at her friends. They returned her look in resignation. They all knew they weren't going anywhere until the brunette returned. There was nothing to do but stare at the crowd. In the din and smoke Nancy spotted Baroness Von Furstenburger and her pets. She was sitting at an end booth, a far away look in her eyes, sipping what looked like vermouth. Her cats were all kneeling on the floor, eating from plates of food placed before them, still in the same costumes and

It was embarrassing for both of them to stand so close together, staring at each other's bound and gagged condition. They tried to avoid each other's eyes.

restraint Nancy had seen earlier. She could almost see one of them licking his chops.

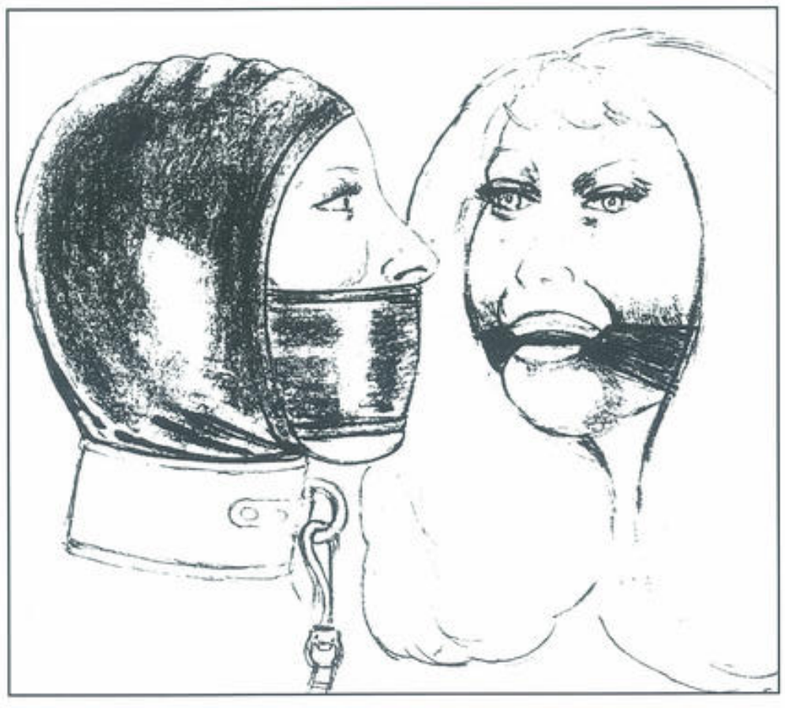
Waitresses dressed in extremely tight Gay Nineties corsets with stockings and button-top high heels squeezed through the crowd, their trays loaded with food and drink, their wrists and ankles cuffed, their mouths sealed behind wide satin gags which resembled their corsets — laced identically behind their necks and heads. Small stays had been sewn into the gags, so that once the gags were laced on, the lower part of their faces were as surely corseted as their waists. They looked horribly tight to Nancy. The poor waitresses' cheeks bulged over the top of them. Still Nancy didn't pity them. They had asked for it. *The fools,* she thought. Once in awhile one of them would pass by and Nancy would give a look of disdain.It was a menagerie, as Nancy and the others looked across the room. She and Cynthia were used to it, but Kathy and the rest stared wide-eyed.

A paunchy Arab sat smoking a cigar. Flanking him on either side was his entourage of wives, all in revealing harem outfits with matching single-gloves and discipline helmets. A cowboy in a large Stetson danced by them with a cowgirl, her arms and torso tightly roped, a bandanna snugly cinched between her teeth.

The lounge was beginning to fill up. The waitresses scurried about trying to fill new orders and avoid pinches at the same time. Nancy suddenly realized the lounge was receiving the overflow from the costume ball in the grand ballroom. *Oh God! Another Saturday night,* Nancy thought.

Important, moneyed guests began arriving. One such couple caught Nancy's eye, and she noticed that Kathy and the others had spotted them too. The man, tall and distinguished looking (Nancy placed him in his late fifties), casually wore a tuxedo as if it were everyday wear. His wife, still attractive, her hair, with whiffs of gray in it, piled atop her head, smiled up at him and adjusted his tie. She was tanned, becoming a little thick around the hips, and busty. She wore a stunning, low-cut emerald gown of taffeta and tulle. A collar of rubies and diamonds adorned her neck and she wore a diamond tiara. One would have thought they were out on the town in Monte Carlo.

But what was so astonishing and caught the eyes of



the others was the contrast they presented next to their dinner guests. Nancy could make out a male and female form encased in heavy, tight rubber capes that reached their ankles. The capes were so skin tight, so encumbering, the couple was forced to shuffle into the room behind their hosts. They were zippered into them from their ankles to the crown of their heads. Only the natural stretch characteristics of the rubber itself had allowed them any motion at all.

The couple patiently waited as the hat-check girl (dressed in fishnet hose, tails and a top hat, cuffed and gagged with a black ball between her teeth) stretched for the zippers on the crowns of the caped ebony mummies' heads and began unzippering them. People in the room began turning their heads, waiting for what lay beneath. They chuckled knowledgeably as the capes opened to reveal the man and woman dressed in rubber discipline helmets and catsuits — the helmeted heads seemed to stare blankly at the crowd. The woman wore a silver-plated collar around her neck with a leash attached, matching the other woman's collar of rubies and diamonds. A wide, silver cinch-belt was locked around her waist, accenting its narrowness. The man wore a similar silver-plated collar and leash, but around the base of his rubber codpiece. Because of this rather unusual built-in pouch, Kathy instantly recognized the man and woman as the same couple who had shared the van ride with her and her friends. *But what were they doing with this couple?* she wondered. There were no signs of their original friends she had seen in the van.

The guard hugged her face between her hands enjoying how the tight straps distorted it, Nancy's mouth and cheeks bulging around the straps...

The man in the tuxedo casually handed the leash connected to his male-guest's codpiece to his wife. He gathered in the woman's leash, and together they led their blind, deaf and dumb dinner guests toward their reserved table, following the hostess who was dressed in skin tight, gold metallic unitights decorated with black stitching to resemble a tuxedo. In her cuffed hands she carried large dinner menus. Her red hair jutted out of a gold lycra helmet. The protuberance of a ballgag was clearly visible beneath the helmet while large cut-out openings had been left for her heavily made-up eyes.

As they passed so close that Nancy could see the tiny wrinkles between the older woman's well-endowed breasts and smell the faint aroma of her perfume and talcum, they paused and looked at Nancy and the others. There was a glint in their eyes that sent shivers down her spine.

Kathy had no doubt in her mind now that the leashed couple, tightly buckled and strapped into single-gloves and hobbled, were the same couple in the van. Now they sat at the table, completely at the whims of the older couple who were amused at their guests' predicament. The rubber bound man and woman were fully aware of their surroundings, but powerless to do a thing about it. They were fully aware of their aching arms and shoulders, laced and buckled painfully into their single-gloves, fully aware of their mouth-filling blow-up gags, fully aware they were perspiring heavily beneath their rubber catsuits in the close, stuffy, smoke-filled room — and, they were enjoying every moment!

The blindfolds to their helmets were removed. For the first time in several hours the couple could see one another. The man looked in amusement across the table at his wife.

Finally, there was a slow song for dancing and Nancy watched the older couple escort their rubber encased friends onto the dance floor. As they passed close to Nancy, she could see the man's eye winking at her.

But that was of no concern to Nancy as a rather loud-mouthed, heavy set woman caught her attention. The woman was jammed in a booth, screwed up against a bellhop, her fat breasts almost smothering him as she hugged and smothered him with kisses on his ballgagged mouth. Another unwary bellhop had been caught by one of the single weekend guests — nothing new, they were always disappearing. This one had been caught from behind in an elevator. She had merely crept up behind him before he knew it. With his hands already cuffed before him, and ballgagged as he was in the order of the day, it had been a mere formality for the woman to reach around him and jam his thumbs into thumbcuffs that she carried in her purse. And then to make quite sure the young man knew his new position, and that he was hers, she had produced a roll of adhesive tape, also from her purse, and wrapped his hands into a cocoon. Then she tightly wrapped his entire upper torso forcing his upper arms against his chest. Now, as he sat beside the woman his adhesive-taped hands appeared as if in prayer. And he had a lot to pray for. The woman was gross, smearing the X of adhesive tape she had applied over the ballgag for extra security with lipstick. She wore a tight sweater with no bra and her large, pendulous breasts jounced as she laughed. *What possessed a woman with those size breasts not to wear a bra?* Nancy wondered indignantly. *Did she still think she was a kid?* It was disgusting to see the woman's large nipples poking through the sweater. To add insult to injury, she was poured into a brown leather mini-skirt with an unbuttoned matching vest. Nancy doubted it could be buttoned. The garters holding the huge woman's stockings were clearly visible as she sat scrunched in her seat. Her fat thighs poured over the stocking-tops and out from beneath the dress. She wore calf-length boots that were much too small, and as she stood to leave her legs appeared squashed, the fat bulging around the edge of her boots. She reached into the booth and hauled the petrified bellhop to his feet. For the first time Nancy saw a mean looking quirt attached to the belt of her skirt. *Uh, oh,* she thought.

They made a handsome pair as they left the lounge — he in his cute, gray tights and short red jacket and

boots, she in her too-tight skirt, her fat buttocks threatening to burst the seams. She hurried her charge along with hearty swats on his tight, lycra-covered little rear end. *Ah love!* Nancy thought.

In due course, Natalie would notice the depletion in her staff. Men's and women's familiar faces would disappear. She would sigh, and soon fresh, new recruits would arrive to take up the slack. The waiting list was endless — so many willing applicants.

Nancy looked over at the brunette, she was becoming weary waiting. *Oh God! She's ordering another drink,* Nancy observed, and sighed into her gag. She was getting hot encased in all that rubber, and she was getting tired of being pawed. One gentleman had sidled up beside her, slipped his hand through the slit of her sheath and grabbed a healthy expanse of her buttocks, before she knew what happened. She let out a surprised yelp through her gag, twisted away from him and gave him an angry stare. And while she was doing that, another man came up behind her, kissed the nape of her rubber-covered neck and kneaded her breasts. Damn, it was getting rough. The men were getting drunk and there wasn't a thing she and the others could do about it. Most of the men she could stare down, but some others were getting out of hand. She tried to catch the brunette's eye, but to no avail. *C'mon Hoop Earrings, finish your damn drink and let's get the hell out of here!* She wanted to scream. The place was jammed and still they kept coming from the ballroom.

In charged a large man in rubber fishing gear with a woman dressed as a mermaid over his shoulder. She was wrapped in fishnet, a large natural sponge cinched in her mouth. An Oriental man arrived dressed as a Chinese warlord followed by his bound and gagged concubines, all tied in a coffle. A tough looking woman in a prison guard outfit led her female prisoner dressed in a skin-tight unitard, her wrists and ankles cuffed, connected to a heavy ball and chain and a canvas gag strapped over her mouth. Nancy had never seen a black and white striped prisoner's uniform quite like that one before. A man dressed as a detective out of a 40s movie arrived with his gal Friday, both accompanied by a henchman and his moll. The detective and his gal were tied in yards of rough hemp rope and gagged with adhesive tape. A sweet looking middle-aged woman in a rubber nurse's outfit wheeled in her male patient swathed in tight bands of rubber stripping. Spies, secret agents and pirates appeared with their damsels-in-distress appropriately garbed and bound — Amazons with their white-hunter captives, Indians with prisoners, their arms tied behind them to the Indian's bows, gnarled rough sticks tied between their teeth with strips of rawhide.

On and on they came: A mad scientist rolled in his pretty gagged and strapped patient on an operating table, a band of gypsies with their nabbed heiress bound and gagged, wrapped in a rug, a highwayman, science fiction characters, a caveman. Nancy was getting dizzy! Costumed heroes and heroines were trussed and gagged by arch villains as if tonight the tables were turned and evil triumphed over good. Cheerleaders were tied and then gagged with their own pom-poms. And not to be left out, there were cute drum majorettes with their batons tied between their teeth, their wrists tied to either end. Nancy had been a drum majorette. She couldn't imagine the baton jammed between their teeth as being too comfortable.

FINALLY, Nancy saw the brunette strolling through the crowd toward them. She winked at Nancy and knelt down and unfastened her ankles, took her leash and they left the madhouse behind them. The spa's hallways were still filled with revelers, but not as many. Nancy welcomed the cool breeze on her face as she followed the brunette down the long corridors. An occasional bellhop and maid scurried about looking reverently at the brunette, trying to smile at her around their ballgags. The brunette ignored them. They reached a crowded elevator full of noisy drunks and the brunette jammed them into it. As the elevator began to ascend, Nancy was crammed face-to-face with a blonde woman. The woman was dressed in a slinky white satin gown with rope entwined about her. In contrast to her white gown and platinum hair, someone had thoughtfully gagged her with a thick black scarf that pulled the corners of her mouth back into a grimace. It was embarrassing for both of them to stand so close together, staring at each other's bound and gagged condition. They tried to avoid each other's eyes. Nancy was relieved when the woman in satin got off with her male escort on the next floor.

The elevator began to thin out until just Nancy and her friends were left. They reached the top floor, and just as they were filing out, a redhead in her kinkiest leather catsuit passed them and got into the elevator. She held the door of the elevator to keep it from closing and called out to the brunette.

"Hey, aren't you coming?"

"I'll be there in a sec. I have to put these clowns to bed first."

"Okay. See you there." She let the door close.

I have to put these clowns to bed first! Nancy mimicked the brunette in her mind. *God! It couldn't be too soon,* she thought. Her feet were killing her. It hadn't been fun trying to keep her balance for hours in the lounge.

They arrived at their destination — a room at the end of the hall. As the brunette opened the door, Kathy saw a series of canvas hammocks hanging from rafters, neatly in a row. There seemed to be dozens of them. *My God! Some of them are filled,* she saw in horror. And so they were. Monica and Mary had returned to the fold, although Kathy and the others had no way of knowing, since the two were zippered into hammocks from head to toe along with a few hapless others that had run afoul of Natalie in one way or another.

And so they were put to bed. The brunette came down the line and helped them up a little ladder and then laid them down into the canvas folds, zippered back up their rubber sheaths, and then simply zippered up the canvas hammock — and that was that. Kathy smelled the canvas cocoon as it was zipped overhead, but saw there were plenty of air holes provided. She swayed to and fro, which oddly enough relaxed her. And although this was

The Mansion Continued on page 73

BAREFOOT BEAUTY

...on Black Leather

with Deirdre hogtied and photographed by Isaac

The Revenge of The Crooked Claw

The Man In Black Returns!

Although it seemed like The Crooked Claw got his just desserts at the end of the "To Be Continued..." series, you just can't keep a bad man down... and now Harmony's most notorious villain is back with a vengeance!

"Epic" is the only word which could be used to describe this elaborate tale as we follow the diabolical Claw's twisted plan for revenge.

After she was saved from a burning warehouse, pizza delivery-gal Tatiana Varga became engaged to Duke Richman, the owner of the Dominant Pizza chain. The Claw grabs her just before the nuptials and extorts a hefty ransom for the surgery needed on his leg, injured in his near-fatal plunge at the end of TBE-8.

The shadowy scoundrel then mistakenly grabs Roxy Rider, thinking she's "Agent D" (Dannielle Ashe), and gets his hands on the transportation schedule for a powerful Nitronium bomb.

The Bureau of National Defense is alerted when the bomb is stolen, and they send Agent L (Catalina L'Amour) to interview Sadie Sly (Star Chandler) for any information on the Claw's whereabouts. No sooner does the government agent leave when the master criminal steals into her office, binds and gags the hapless P.I. and taunts her with a chilling promise of retribution when the time is right.

Agent K (Kristine Imboch) investigates a lead on the stolen bomb, which takes her to a hangar on an abandoned air strip, and an ill-fated confrontation with the man in black.

Catalina searches for the missing Agent K, and runs afoul of the Claw as well. After subduing the beautiful blonde, The Claw issues a challenge to Virtuous Venus, which leads to a showdown between the superheroine and the vile villain in an old abandoned theater. The brave champion of justice thinks she has him, but The Crooked Claw knows her secret weakness, and she falls into his clutches!

Our villain is vexed when he learns that Agent D has retired and Catalina is the new Virtuous Venus, but decides to complete his sinister scheme with her successor.

Meanwhile, Sadie Sly has trailed the Claw to the old theater, but she's caught as well, and it looks like the fiendish felon will have his long-awaited revenge. But federal agents have stormed his corporate offices and are closing in on his secret lair. But other than that, not too much is happening.

The Revenge of The Crooked Claw (HS-13) is 90 Minutes long and is $30 VHS or PAL-VHS, available from Harmony Concepts.

SPREAD-EAGLE SPECIALTY

Sharon and G.S. explore the spread-eagle possibilities of a vacation hideaway

LOVE BONDAGE ON BLANKET

with Betti of Germany bound on her blanket by Tom

Q&A

WITH BONDAGE SUPERMODEL

KELLY ASHTON

IN WHOM PHYSICALITY AND INTELLECT GRACIOUSLY CONVERGE

SHE MIGHT BE REASON ENOUGH TO RETHINK THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD

This one you really oughta see in person. To put it in inelegant street parlance, we're talking serious major babe here.

Kelly Aston is likely one of the most physically striking females any of us will ever get to see. Once you've regarded her fabulous face and heartstopping figure, you realize the one and only thing this woman can never be is unnoticed.

Not many women are taller. Hardly any at all are as tall all over. And we wager that nary a one who is that tall - six feet or so - possesses such a strikingly-rounded body—chest, waistline and hips to ignite a lifetime of fairly shameful fantasies. It's as though Nature disputed some guy's version of a great-looking woman by whipping up Kelly Ashton and then pointing to one and then the other and saying, "Nah, that's no great-looking woman....*this* is a great-looking woman!"

And to this truly magnificent fantasy woman, Nature considerately added intellect and a genuine heartbeat.

Kelly is educated and bright—within sighting distance of a PHD in psychology. She is one very evolved human being. Best of all, she is sincere. Some of the things she has to say about bondage would seem too good to be true. But her answers came after our request that she not tell us what she thought we might want to hear—that she speak her absolute truth, no matter how disappointing to us that might be. To us, and we hope to you, she is completely convincing about her feelings regarding bondage and people who are drawn to it. You will see, as we already have, that this incredible woman is darn near perfect.

Q: Where were you and how old were you when you first heard that there were men who enjoyed seeing women tied up for pleasure? How did you handle that unusual information?

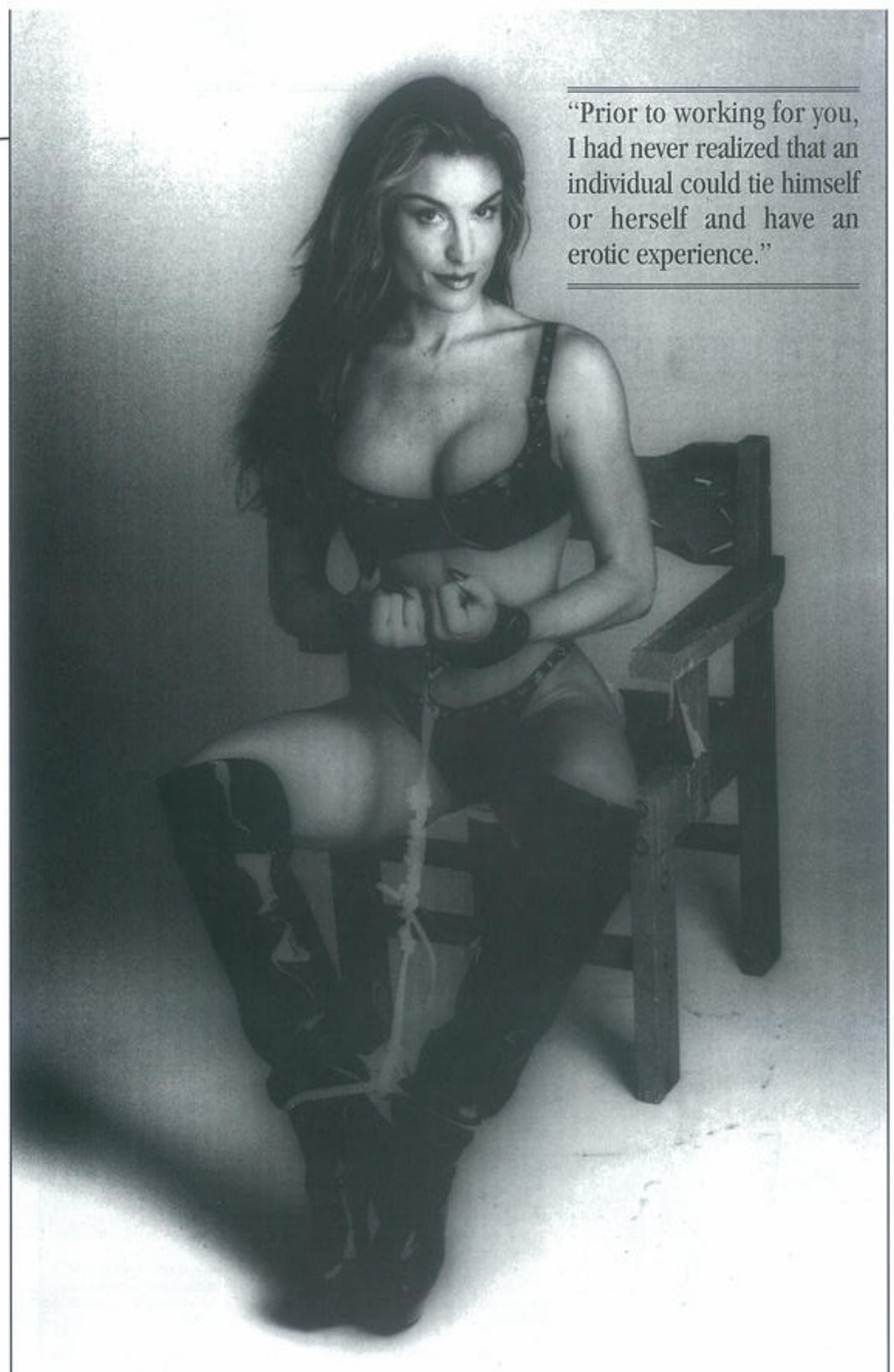
A: I first heard it from photographers who work for your company. And that became the first time I experienced bondage—a photo shoot. And I thought, wow!, this isn't anything like I expected. You see all those movies about guys who want to tie girls up for the sake of being rough with them or worse, and this wasn't that. I never realized what an erotic experience being bound up could be. As I was lying on the floor, sort of struggling, I thought, well, this feels kind of nice. And the next photo shoot, I was struggling around and I thought, this is *really* nice. I think fetish, including bondage, is healthy since it is just another way to express one's self in a sexual way.

Q: When was the first time you were told that men liked this sight of a woman tied up? Or had you always known that?

A: Well, my reference was movies and in that case when the man wanted a woman tied up, he was totally psychotic, his intentions were totally evil. Prior to working for you, I had never realized that an individual could tie himself or herself and have an erotic experience.

Q: That must have given you pause about working for a company whose stock-in-trade was visualizations of women tied up—having seen movies in which bad things happened to whoever was tied up.

A: There was some concern. So I asked questions about how extensive it would be, how many people would be present. I checked with my agent, "Have you dealt with these people before?" and he


"Prior to working for you, I had never realized that an individual could tie himself or herself and have an erotic experience."

characterized them as just really nice. But I think I exercised proper caution. And your crew really was nice—one called the night before the shoot to ask what kind of juice I would like, what other refreshments. They did everything they could to make me comfortable. The first shoot was with Jon Woods and Aaron James and the fact that it was two men concerned me. But immediately it was okay. That was my first video—something about me breaking out of electrical tape. Their behavior and respect caused me to be totally trusting. I eventually wound up working with all of the Harmony people, and I like everyone of them. I like the way Chelsea ties because she is very neat, applies just the right amount of pressure and is very fast. I like Jon and Aaron because they do storylines which I think makes the video more interesting and gives me an opportunity to act. And they're fun to joke with.

Q: What would happen if you were out on a date with a man and he confessed that tying you up would be an essential part of his life.

A: I would consider it normal, not common. It's the way in which he presents it, the reasons he wants to do it, the reason he *needs* to do it. But I think the bondage itself is totally healthy.

Q: Do you have any reason for why these men like this?

A: Well, maybe a little to do with power but I think it goes well beyond that. She's a Damsel in Distress; she needs me. That's what I get out of it in terms of how you folks do it. He wants to rescue her and that's key.

Q: Could a man who is utterly irresistible to women have this as part of his nature?

A: Sure.

Q: So it's not about a need to have something or someone that you can't otherwise have.

A: No, that would come from negative energy. I see it as a way of expressing yourself, just like certain people enjoy having their hair brushed or feet rubbed and you can't get that feeling from any other activity.

Q: Any common denominators in the men who like this?

A: Physically, no. I haven't come across enough men in my personal life to have a large enough sample to make an accurate statement. It crosses all socio-economic levels, all races, all religions—it's simply physical, something that's in you.

Q: Any idea of where the seed of this might be. Imagine you're a psychiatrist and I come to you and tell you I can't help but have this need to tie up women. What would you tell me is the reason for my feeling that way?

A: Difficult. I might guess that there isn't one single seed - that each man has his own seed - that maybe he saw something when he was a child, maybe mommy and daddy were tying each other up, or maybe he was watching a movie and didn't even realize that he had this craving and it just sort of hit him when he saw it and he thought, wow, that's really erotic. But it would certainly vary from individual to individual.

"...maybe mommy and daddy were tying each other up or maybe he was watching a movie and didn't even realize that he had this craving..."

Q: He saw a movie and if you play that scene out someone rescued her and that somebody was probably a male and by rescuing her earned her undying love.

A: I think when a women can trust a man enough to be tied up by him and when a woman can trust a man and not let him rescue her, there is an innocence in that that's very refreshing, very sweet. We all need that—the older we get, the more purity we need in our lives. It's analagous to longing for that warm safe place to go.

Q: If you were going to produce a commercially successful adult entertainment movie, what are the elements you would put in it to insure its success?

A: I would choose a script that looked good—just like any mainstream movie and instead of having a vanilla love scene, I would have a bondage scene or a scene where the man and woman are getting to know each other. He would rub her feet or suck her toes or tie her ankles, and she has a smile on her face—she likes it. Actually, I would like to make a movie - would you like to make a movie? - that would include a lot of true fetishes, but casually presented. For example, if a woman were sitting at a cafe waiting for her lover or husband and she was smoking a cigarette. I wouldn't just keep a wide shot of this woman smoking a cigarette; I would pan in and linger on the lips and the smoke and then pan out, stay there long enough to get and keep your attention. I think so many people have fetishes, and a lot probably don't even realize it.

Q: You would be good at doing this movie because you seem to understand men.

A: I won't say no. I like men very much.

Q: And you like giving the man who is your lover what he needs.

A: True.

Q: Do you understand women?

A: I understand myself sexually, and I understand some women sexually. I'm not bi-sexual, I've never been with a woman. I think women vary greatly in their wants. I would say that my spectrum of erotic taste varies greatly, and maybe there are a lot of women out there whose spectrums are smaller—just kissing, touching. I like that, but I also like a lot of other things. I like fetish

KELLY ASHTON HARMONY VIDEO CREDITS

"Maiden America Vs. The Sinister Seductrix" (UC-15)

Starring Kelly Ashton with Gigi Lefleur and Jennifer West
40 Minutes • $35 VHS; $40 PAL-VHS

"That's A Wrap!" (FF-6)

Kelly in a collection of mummy-wrap scenes with Nancy Vee, Persephone and Sadie Atkins.
45 Minutes • $25 VHS; $30 PAL-VHS

"Bound In Lingerie" (HC-15)

Kelly in a collection of lingerie bondage scenes with Jessica Weldon, Sylja Kuryakin, Kelsie Chambers and Celine Deavoux.
45 Minutes • $35 VHS; $40 PAL-VHS

"Unforgettable: Recalling Irving Klaw" (RQH-1)

Kelly in a supposedly fictional documentary set in 1951 at the New York studios of Irving Klaw with Sharon Kane, Tory Sinclair and Kelsie Chambers.
45 Minutes • $35 VHS; $40 PAL-VHS

"Chelsea's Video Gallery" (C-19)

Kelly in a montage of lingerie bondage vignettes with Stacy Burke, and Kelsie Chambers.
40 Minutes • $35 VHS; $40 PAL-VHS

"The Demoore Frequency" (DD-17)
Kelly with Lin Silk and Devin Demoore in an exciting Damsel-

In-Distress storyline by Jon Woods.
45 Minutes • $35 VHS; $40 PAL-VHS

"Heavenly Hallucinations" (DUOS-7)

Kelly is featured in a tied-over-the-desk bonus vignette at the end of the storyline video with Catharine Beaumont and Morgan Phoenix.
40 Minutes • $35 VHS; $40 PAL-VHS

"Lingerie Bondage Boudoir" (GAL-7)

Starring Kelly with Jewell Marceau and Allison Brach
45 Minutes • $35 VHS; $40 PAL-VHS

"The Stalker" (MW-1)
Kelly stars with Kelsie Chambers and Tory Sinclair in a Damsel-In-Distress storyline that turns consensual by Mike Walker.
60 Minutes • $45 VHS; $50 PAL-VHS

"Where Is Tatiana?" (WD-26)

Kelly out-wrestles, ties and gags Kelsie Chambers as part of the overall plot of the videos which also stars Tatiana Varga, Randi Rage, Celine Deavoux and Kristine Imboch.
60 Minutes • $45 VHS; $50 PAL-VHS

"Tatiana Is Missing" (WD-27)

The same cast, but with a different twist on the tale as WD-26 and Kelly ties *herself* up!
60 Minutes $45 VHS; $50 PAL-VHS
(Both WD-26 & WD-27 can be purchased together in a special offer of $75 VHS; $80 PAL-VHS.)

"Security Breach" (WD-29)

Kelly stars with Catalina L'Amour, Summer Knight, Sadie Atkins, Kelsie Chambers, Devin Demoore and Persephone in a complex storyline by Jon Woods.
60 Minutes • $30 VHS or PAL-VHS

"Bound For Timbuktu" (C-20)

Kelly as the mischievous mistress of Sabrina Stone's philandering husband.
40 Minutes • $30 VHS or PAL-VHS

"Danger On Her Heels" (HH-12)
Kelly stars with Eve Ellis, Kristine Imboch and Kim Mansfield in a

high heel accented bondage adventure story.
60 Minutes • $30 VHS or PAL-VHS

(This list was compiled at the end of October 1997 — there may now be even more Kelly Ashton videos available.)

because it's like an adult Disneyland—it's play, it's fun. As fetish grows as it is now doing, including bondage, I think it can become quote unquote the sex of the future since it allows people to be sexual and sensual without actually having sex. What with the tremendous focus on safe sex, this is a great alternative.

Q: Men reading this are fantasizing about you as they read this and you are imposing and impressive and they want you to tell them things about them. For example, tell them what they must do to attract your attention, make themselves attractive to you. Not only sexually, but in all ways.

A: There has to be an element of goodness; he can't be a pig. He has to be a good person. A man who is a pig is manipulative—he uses people, men and women. A pig usually has very low self-esteem. A man who is not a pig is not afraid to tell a woman what he wants, not afraid to acknowledge and be comfortable with who he is, and treats himself well.

"I like fetish because it's like an adult Disneyland—it's play, it's fun. As fetish grows as it is now doing, including bondage, I think it can become quote unquote the sex of the future..."

Q: What does he look like. Is he overweight? Does he dress in a suit or jeans.

A: In terms of dress it's more about mood, since I have a lot of moods. Sometimes I'll want to dress in a cocktail dress and gold earrings, other times I want to wear spandex shorts. Other times I want to wear sweats. So what he wears ought to be a reflection of his mood or where he's going.

Q: Does he have a beard?

A: I've never dated a guy with a beard, but I did date a guy with a goatee. Guys with beards don't ask me out. But it's not like I wake up in the morning and say, okay, no beards today.

Q: Is he a gentleman? Does he open your door?

A: Yes. He is a gentleman and he enjoys being a man and enjoys being good to a woman—making her feel like a woman - feminine - and appreciating her. I enjoy being a woman, so he should enjoy being a man.

Q: Do you want your man to be stronger than you or equal. Are you willing to be as strong as your man?

A: Yes and no. It depends on the area. I enjoy working and having my own career. And even if I had wealth I would still work becasue I enjoy working and it feels natural to me. So I'll always have to have my own source of income. I think that women who go after men because of their money are totally evil. I'll always have my own career, so in those terms we'd be equal. We'd be equal in intellect, but in physical strength he should be stronger than I am because I like to be pulled around the house by my ankles.

Q: Do you have wooden floors or carpets?

A: I just slide around on whatever. There are moments when I've been out and I've been talking to attornies and accountants and photographers and I just want to go home and crash in his arms and he can rub my head and listen to my day and I can just be a little baby.

Q: Do you drink wine?

A: No, I don't drink alcohol.

Q: Does he? Can he?

A: Sure. But he can't be addicted to that or drugs.

Q: Can he be overweight.

A: Sure, I'm overweight. If he's 6'4" and has gained a few pounds I'm not going to freak out. If he starts to gain more I'd try and head him off. So I guess he can't be overweight. But I wouldn't say you've gained fifty pounds and I'm going to break up with you. But I wouldn't just tolerate it either. I think I would poke around and find out what's going on with him, what's causing it. Maybe make suggestions, get him back to rollerblading or playing basketball to get his mind off whatever's bothering him.

Q: If you were to make money answering questions on a certain subject, what subject would best serve you?

A: I spent years studying the chemicals and structure of the brain—physiological psychology, how drugs affect the brain, the links between brain and body, mood and body. That would be a subject I could successfully answer many questions about. It's a path to becoming a psychiatrist or clinical psychologist.

Q: Is that still a goal?

A: It's on the backburner. I initially had the intent of working in this industry for a short amount of time just for financial reasons. But I find I enjoy working in this industry, I enjoy it more than studying physiological psychology. So if I decide when I'm older to go back and get my doctor's, I can do that. So I could probably do well at answering questions about anatomy, psychology, perhaps philosopy. Immanuel Kant is one of my favorite philosophers. Poetry, I like Edgar Allen Poe, Sylvia Plath, Robert Frost I enjoy very much—they're all very different, but I like them all for different reasons. I like a lot of different things in life—different clothes, different music, different books, but I want certain things when I'm in certain moods, even the color of my nail polish has to do with my mood.

Q: Do have a favorite bondage position?

A: I enjoy positions where I'm curled up, but not standing with my hands over my head. In terms of position, I think I like everything turned inward, maybe it's a protective thing. I like being in a mummified position.

Q: Why in your view do some men prefer their tied-up women to be dressed rather than nude?

A: I think because it contains an element of innocence, and that varies among individuals. Some men may need to see bare breasts in order to gain more visual stimulation, or they want bare breasts as a condiment or even extension of the clothing. I think though a good model never has to take her clothes off; she can transmit her sexual essence through attitude. It's a star quality—it comes from within, you can't fake it. The camera finds it right away, you can't lie.

Q: There are a couple of other aspects to Harmony's output that we need to acknowledge—spanking and tickling.

A: I don't want to be spanked. But if it's about spanking someone else, that's okay. I once did spank a guy for a spanking magazine. As for tickling, it's fine. There are certain parts of my body that are very ticklish. Whether or not those parts of me that are naturally ticklish are the same parts the gentlemen want to see me react to may not coincide.

Q: Who is the most beautiful woman in the world?

A: Raquel Welch. Her body and her face and her essence transcend time. She's sensual. When she's photographed, it's obvious she's very comfortable with her beauty, her femininity. She doesn't use it like a tool; she's just fabulous. She's on the top of the heap and the heap is very wide. But I like Beverly Johnson, Kim Alexis—high cheekbones, strong jawline, regardless of skin color, hair color, ethnicity, sort of a classic face.

Q: Well, you have all that. What is your

ethnicity?

A: My mother is American Indian, she's Zuni; my father is German. He lives in Australia, near Perth.

Q: Where haven't you been where you want to go?

A: I'd like to go to Vancouver in Canada. I've met nice people from there and I like the cooler places when I travel. I'd like to go to Alaska. I like nature, animals, taking pictures. When I'm on vacation, I want to get away, really get away.

Q: Who's the most attractive actor in the world to you?

A: Dolf Lundgren. Soley based on physicality, independent of all other consideration. I think of him in uniform tying me up. I saw Rocky IV and that was it.

Q: Let's say it appears that you're about to have a relationship and this new man in your life confesses to you that *he* wants to be tied up all the time. How will you feel about that?

A: He never wants to tie me up?

Q: Well, he *prefers* being the one.

A: I have no problem with tying him up occasionally; that can be erotic. But if he constantly wants to be the one, it's not going to work because I would feel too dominant all the time. There are times when I enjoy being dominant, but I don't want to feel that way all the time. I want to be feel pursued and tamed and in the female role as well.

Q: Say something if you can to the people who are reading this and liking you and being fascinated by you—say something to make them feel good about that and not ashamed of wanting to see you tied up.

A: *Don't* be ashamed at all. I like the fact that you enjoy seeing me tied up because I enjoy being tied up. Enjoy my image for as long and often as you wish. Please.

Q: Can we expect to be working with you for awhile?

> "I think I like everything turned inward—maybe it's a protective thing. I like being in a mummified position."

A: Oh, for a long while I think.

Q: Is there any part of this that you don't like?

A: No.

Q: So what do I do with your fan mail?

A: Send it to me.

Q: We will. And thanks for spending this time with us.

A: You're welcome. ✡

The Mansion Continued from page 60

not her bed back home, it would have to do. She was too tired to care and eventually joined the others in a deep sleep.

Nancy and Cynthia, accustomed to the routine, had fallen asleep as soon as they hit the canvas. And so they all slept, like peas in a pod, the canvas gently outlining their female forms as they slowly swayed back and forth in the darkened room. Well, not exactly all. There was one exception. Monica still lay awake, beside a snoring Mary who was in the hammock next to hers, plotting revenge upon Natalie. Her body was still sore from her little trip, bound in the suitcase. Somehow, someway, she was going to get Natalie for that.

The next morning Nancy awoke in her canvas confines and then patiently waited, knowing that eventually someone would free her to begin another wonderful day at the spa. For some reason she was always last. Perhaps the guards were following Natalie's orders. She certainly knew she wasn't a favorite on Natalie's list.

She was an early riser, but soon she heard the others stirring, the canvas hammocks rustling. She recognized the staccato sounds on the floor of high heels belonging to Natalie's troops as they arrived, and then the tearing sound of a zipper as the first woman was released. It was a slow process because each woman was attended to individually by the leather-catsuited guards, and then placed into bondage before the unzippering of the next cocoon down the line.

Oh joy of joys! Nancy thought. With the addition of her friends, it was going to be a long wait, and she had to go!

Kathy on the other hand impatiently twisted and turned within her canvas confines, causing her hammock to jerk and bounce. This had been her first night ever in restraint, and she was none too happy about it. When she awoke in the dark and foul smelling canvas she was a little disoriented at first, but then she realized where she was and grew angry. She had slept soundly and now was refreshed and ready for action — any kind of action. She was not used to being treated this way and she was quite prepared to give Natalie's bitches a run for their money when she was released. Suddenly she felt several hard whacks on her rump from a quirt. Even through the double material of canvas and rubber, they stung!

"Settle down in there!" she heard one of the guards snarl.

Monica had the honor of being the first to be released. Like the rest, she had been rubber-sheathed and straitjacketed, a pear gag locked in her mouth. She stared angrily up at the two leather-clad guards who returned her look with bored disdain. One grabbed her legs, the other her shoulders, and they pulled her out of the hammock and placed her on her feet, like one would right a statue. They unzippered the sheath and escorted her to the bathroom at the end of the room. Just outside the entrance, they released her arms, unzippered the back of the straitjacket and pushed her inside, closing the door. Monica immediately tore at the straitjacket sleeves, sticky from perspiration, and finally managed to peel it away from her arms. She threw it on the floor, quickly unzippered the sheath and stepped out of it.

The first thing she did was charge the door. Locked! Like Kathy, she was ready for action. Frustrated, she whirled about and quickly scanned the room. There was no sign of any kind of weapon, but a sign by the bathroom cabinet caught her attention.

"YOU HAVE THIRTY MINUTES TO ATTEND TO YOUR TOILETRY, SHOWER AND BRUSH YOUR TEETH. EVERYTHING YOU NEED IS IN THE MEDICINE CHEST AND LINEN CLOSET. REMEMBER, OTHERS ARE WAITING!"

What the hell? Was she in a dorm or summer camp? The sign had a ring to it that sounded like Natalie. She was always the one for punctuality, Monica thought bitterly.

She jerked open the cabinet door and was surprised to see it well stocked with several brands of shampoo and soap. Toothbrushes hung from hooks, pristinely wrapped in cellophane. Her name had even been written on adhesive tape above her brush. She noticed Nancy's and Cynthia's names above well used brushes. At least she had found what she had set out to find. Not in the manner she had planned or expected — still *they* were *here.* She spotted a key on a hook and realized it was for the lock to her gag. She had wondered about that. *Brush your teeth?* Quickly she fumbled with the key behind her neck and unlocked the damn thing and wrenched it from her mouth over the sink as saliva poured from her mouth. *Damn, damn!* she thought. The thing tasted awful. She quickly rinsed out her mouth and then ruefully inspected the marks it had left on her face in the mirror. She sighed at the deep indentations. There was nothing else to do but to get on with it.

When she was done, the guards were waiting for her — two mean looking bitches who easily outweighed her. The shower had unbelievably relaxed her and she was no longer in the mood for a wrestling match, although they appeared to be. They stood there, their hands casually on their hips, spoiling for a fight. They had been warned about her.

Monica sighed in resignation. She had weighed her options and found none. One naked woman against two leather-clad Amazons was a little too much to take in the morning, even for her.

Kathy suddenly froze in her hammock and smiled beneath her gag, hearing her friend's familiar voice.

Nancy lay in the hammock and listened to each woman's progress. The flushing of the commode, the running shower water, the brushing of teeth, until she finally blinked at the morning light as her canvas was unzippered to a new day.

"Hello pumpkin! Rise and shine!" one of the guards said.

She looked about her. No one was in sight. The guard seemed to read her mind.

"They're out in the hall waiting for you. So why don't we get a move on?"

When Nancy came out of the bathroom she saw they had laid out quite a few goodies for her. She was helped

into thermal-lined unitights.

"Fold your arms in front of your tummy!" said one of the guards, the one who seeme.

Puzzled, she did as they asked. A wide elastic band resembling a girdle without the garters was slapped around her waist and arms and zippered up, concealing her forearms. It fit snugly about her — slightly above her hip line and just below her breasts.

Interesting, Nancy thought. *Something new?*

Now a wide leather corset affair was fitted over the wide elastic band and the fun began. One Amazon held her and the other laced her in. Nancy was jerked to and fro as she felt her arms being crushed against her abdomen, as if she were giving herself a bear hug. Fortunately, she had a flat stomach, as they began forcing her arms tighter and tighter against her. When they were done, Nancy looked down to see a small bulge where her arms had been, digging in below her ribcage.

Next came a skin tight rubber catsuit. They pulled and kneaded it up her legs, then up over her waist and arms. Nancy noticed the garment had no sleeves. When they had finished zippering it up to her neck, for all sakes and purposes she appeared armless. Next, an elaborate harness was buckled around her waist and shoulders. She began to guess what they had in mind for her.

"Oh goody! Pony time!" she said sarcastically, except this was quite a different outfit than she and Cynthia had worn for Natalie's TV show.

She felt a sharp slap on her rear for her remarks.

A helmet was pulled over her head by one of the guards as they other gathered in her red hair and fed it through a hole in the top. The helmet was snugged down around her face and neck, and her hair fashioned into a pony tail above the helmet.

Nancy watched a puzzled Natalie march back up the line inspecting her charges and attaching their reins to the pony-girls' bits behind them...

"How apropos!" Nancy said sarcastically.

"Shut up, Buttons!" the mommy guard said as she jammed an elaborate bridal harness over her head and shoved a huge sponge rubber pad attached to a steel bit into her mouth.

"MMMggggmmmmthth!" Nancy protested.

But Mommy Guard would hear none of it as she fastened the myriad buckles and straps and cinched them tight. When she was done, Nancy's head and face were crisscrossed in tiny straps. The guard hugged her face between her hands enjoying how the tight straps distorted it, Nancy's mouth and cheeks bulging around the straps where the gag dug into the skin. The guard kissed Nancy on the nose.

"Now my wittle bitty lamb is all quiet, isn't her?"

Nancy let out a choice curse word and the other guard jerked on the reins to the bit behind her. What little noise that had escaped from around the pad was immediately cut off. The guard released the reins. Nancy discovered the hard way that the bit was quite cleverly designed, its apex shaped into a U. When one pulled on the reins, the U part of the bit would force the sponge deep into the mouth.

"Oh, her don't like that bit gag at all!" the guard winked to the other. Nancy wanted to kill her as they helped her into lace-up calf boots that were shaped like horses hooves. A steel plate built into the instep forced her to stand up on tiptoe.

Oh terrific! Nancy thought. She was led from the room teeter-tottering on the hardwood floors. She joined the others, all identically dressed, all patiently waiting and all blindfolded, chained neck-to-neck in a coffle, propped up against the corridor wall and afraid to move for fear of toppling the others.

Nancy was hooked up to her friends as their blindfolds were removed and off they went at a trot.

Down the elevator they went, with several male guests admiring their flanks, and out into the main lobby as guests gaped. Never had they seen such thoroughbreds. Through the lobby doors they cantered. Such a splendid sight, such beautiful fillies, as they trotted out into the morning sun. Such a dazzling display they made, their glistening black coats against the white snow. How proudly they tossed their heads fighting their bits as they were led up to a big sled to find Natalie lounging in it with a few of her cronies, all dressed in ski-suits. Behind them, stacked into the sleigh, were skis. One solitary, forlorn pony was harnessed in the lead beside an empty space, rows of empty harnesses behind her.

"Ah! There's my team," Natalie called out and leaped from the sleigh. "I'll take them, Jennifer. I want to hitch these beauties up myself," she said to the guard.

She grabbed Monica's reins since she was first in line. The rest were sure to follow. How Natalie was enjoying herself as she tugged a bound, glaring Monica to the front and placed her in harness beside the other luckless pony-girl.

Nancy's heart froze in shock. It was NORA JOHNSON!!

"No need to be so surprised, my dear." Natalie had been watching Nancy in amusement, waiting for her reaction as she strapped in Monica beside Nora. "Modern chemicals work wonders these days. One injection and one spills her guts without even knowing it. No muss, no fuss. She doesn't remember a thing she said. Once they had no further use for her, I just couldn't see her wasting away in some dingy, gray cell for the rest of her life. Now could I?" She patted Nora on the cheek. "You see? She's none the worse for wear."

Nancy couldn't help staring at Nora, as if she were seeing a ghost. Nora returned her stare with a look that seemed to say, "Well, here I am."

If she could, Nancy would have hugged her. She felt relieved and warm all over. With Nora in their midst, she was sure it would only be a matter of time until they were all free. *With her brain, Nora will figure something out,* she thought. And she did indeed look like the same old Nora — in fact, perhaps a few pounds heavier, which Nancy blamed on her prison diet. Responsibility seemed to fall from Nancy's shoulders. She watched Monica and Nora exchange glances like two old friends together again. Even though they were all unable to do anything about their current predicament, a camaraderie sprang up around them. It was like a reunion. Nancy saw Nora give them a sly wink. Tears of gratitude welled in Nancy's eyes. *Do to me what you want Natalie, we're going to get out of this!* Nancy winked back and both Nora and Monica returned it.

Almost jauntily, Nancy followed the others down the line as Natalie smugly attached them to the sled: Mary and Kathy, Debby and Susan, and finally Nancy. Natalie cinched her tightly against the sled's shaft, which oddly had a way of supporting her on her toes, then gave her a sharp pinch on her cheek. Nancy ignored her, somewhat surprising Natalie. She had expected the usual rebellious antics. Nancy watched a puzzled Natalie march back up the line inspecting her charges and attaching their reins to the pony-girls' bits behind them so that they were all locked together as one. Nancy looked over and wondered about the empty space beside her. She watched Natalie coming back down the line counting heads.

"ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN," Natalie counted, pleased with herself. "Oh dear!" she said in mock horror, "This will never do! Where is our eighth member?" she asked, pretending distress, looking at Nancy and the empty spot beside her.

Okay, Natalie, Nancy thought. *What kind of game is it this time?*

"AH! Here's our pony now!" Natalie said, looking straight at Nancy and then motioning toward the front of the spa.

Nancy turned her head in the direction indicated. *Okay, I'll play your silly game,* she thought.

Being led down the front steps of the spa by two leather Amazons was a pony-BOY in the same identical costume the rest had been forced into, with one exception. A tailored codpiece had been designed into the suit to indicate his sex. He looked as if he hadn't been too cooperative. A ring was attached to his nose, like a bull. And from that ring ran a tight chain cinched around the base of his pouch so that his head was forced down, his eyes looking at the ground, his chin crushed against his chest.

"Sorry, we had to use a check rein on him," Natalie murmured to Nancy.

As he was led over and tightly buckled to the shaft beside Nancy, she saw in horror that it was PROKL! *Oh my poor darling, what have they done to you?* And Nancy wailed through her gag.

To be continued...

Information about the illustrated fiction of George Arthur Green and booklets describing Damsel-in-Distress scenes from television and films is available from : **Germanna Press, HC 75, Box 20, Lake of the Woods, Locust Grove, VA 22508.**

Bound for Controversy

. . . BECAUSE MEN LIKE TO BE TIED UP TOO!

FAVORITE FANTASIES REVEALED

Some of you may recall back in BL66 when, in "Tielines," I asked readers to write me their favorite male bondage fantasy. We're finally getting around to publishing some of those responses, and we think you'll find them as interesting as we did. While the "cross-dressed or not" issue is still about a fifty-fifty split, we did find out other interesting details. Many of you want to be left alone in your bondage for a time. Most of you mentioned a preference for being gagged with panties. There are many other important details which will be revealed as the letters are published. If you specifically requested that we not publish your letter, don't worry, we won't. If you'd like to join in the effort, I'm still open to hearing from you!

Thanks,
Chels

RIDING CLUB FANTASY

We would be at a riding club, wearing snug riding outfits and supple riding boots, with gorgeous women and handsome men dressed in the same fashion. I would be excited, as gorgeous women like Darla Crane, Sarah Foster Tate, Kimberly K, Summer Knight and Morgan Phoenix walk around the fancy club in super-tight breeches and tight blouses. I would be so distracted that you could take advantage of me.

With the help of the five bondage models, you would remove my shirt and t-shirt and wrap my upper body in ace bandages, from my neck right to my waist. Each woman would shove a worn panty in my mouth and pantyhose would be wound around my lower head so I wouldn't spit out the panties. You would then tape the pantyhose in place with adhesive tape. Darla would fondle my growing crotch area and tease me about the panty girdle that I'm wearing. I would be in a constant state of arousal while gorgeous models touched me and wrapped my knees and ankles with ace bandages. I would be tossed into a stall while the six of you went out to lunch and drinks.

You would forget me and leave me in tight restraints until late that night, when you returned with Darla and Kimberly in tight tape bondage with thick mouth-watering gags over their full lips. You would leave us in the stall for the night while Sarah, Summer, Morgan and you sipped wine and watched us struggle in the hay, all worked up and unable to do anything about it.

Pat

LADY-IN-RED

I read once in a Harmony magazine the theory that many of your male readers actually enjoy being in bondage as much or more than putting someone else in bondage. They read your magazines and identify with the bound beauties shown. They imagine themselves being in the situations portrayed by the models. While I can't speak for other men, I can say that this theory pretty accurately describes me. I enjoy being the one tied up, but I would rather see women tied up instead of men. I think it is simply that I would rather look at a woman's picture than a man's. So now, I would like to take you up on your offer in BL66. If you were my lover, this is the bondage fantasy I would tell you:

You invite me over to dinner at your place. When I get there, you tell me that if I am willing to go along with anything you ask, you have a big surprise for me. You take me to the bedroom, where I find women's clothing laid out for me to wear. Excited, I pretend to be reluctant, but you promise me a night I won't forget if I cooperate. You make me shower, shave my legs and armpits and rub baby oil on my body. You dress me all in red: garter belt and stockings, panties and bra (padded to give me breasts), a cocktail dress, opera gloves and five-inch high heel shoes with ankle straps. You give me a pearl necklace and clip-on earrings to wear and a flame red wig. You tell me that for the rest of the night, I am "Rachel", your Lady-in-Red. We sit down to dinner and you talk to me as if I was your girlfriend.

After dinner, you tell me it is time for the next part of my surprise. You leave, and return carrying a scarf and a pair of handcuffs. You cuff and blindfold me and lead me back to the bedroom. You sit me in a wooden, straight-back chair, facing the bed. My hands are tied behind the chair back. My ankles and knees are tied together with a rope going from my feet to a rung under the chair. A belt straps my waist to the chair, my upper arms are tied to the chair back and a rope circles my chest above, below and between my "breasts". You take a pair of panties from your laundry hamper and gag me, securing it with another scarf tied between my teeth. You say you will be back in a few minutes. You lightly kiss my cheek, pat my head and say, "Don't go away." I hear the door close.

About fifteen to thirty minutes later, I hear you return, but instead of the shoes you were wearing before, I hear the sound of high heels. I hear you walk around me and I occasionally feel your touch. Then with a snap, you remove my blindfold. You' re standing before me, wearing a short black kimono robe, which you remove and drop behind you, revealing panties, garter belt, stockings, high heel lace-up boots, opera gloves and a velvet choker — all in black. You sit down straddling my lap. You then light a cigarette, blowing the smoke in my face. You kiss my gagged lips once and begin to play with your breasts in front of me. All the while, you are making comments like, what a pretty girl I am, what a cute outfit I'm wearing, who does my hair and makeup, and it's too bad I can't be a good girl because then I wouldn't have to be tied up and punished. You stand up, place the cigarette between your lips and slowly take off your panties after rubbing the crotch, getting them extra moist. You place them over my head with the crotch covering my nose and the leg holes exposing my eyes. You put out your cigarette, pick up a vibrator, lie down on the bed and make me watch you give yourself an orgasm.

You release me from my chair, still panty-head gagged, ankles and knees still tied. My hands are tied behind me, forearms together, so that I can't lower them to protect my butt. You make me hop over to the bed and drape myself over your lap. You pull up my dress, pull down my panties and spank me hard with a hairbrush, scolding me for being such a bad girl. I have to hop over to a corner of the room and stand facing it, holding up the back of my dress, with my panties pulled down around my knees. After about ten minutes you come over and ask me if I am sorry for being a bad girl (I nod my head), if I have learned my lesson (I nod my head), and if I will be a good girl from now on (I nod my head).

You untie me except for my gag and take off my dress and panties. You tie me face up, spread-eagle to the bed. You tell me how seeing me dressed up and tied up this way turns you on so much. You tell me how much you enjoy making me behave myself. You then ever so slowly make love to me tied to the bed. When it is over, you untie me, we put on matching nightgowns and fall asleep in each other's arms.

Mark of VA

INSPIRING TIES Allison Brach ties and teases Jean Juneau in Harmony video MB-21.

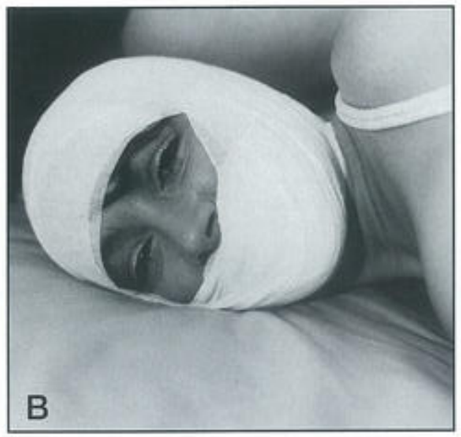
LADY BOSS MEANS BUSINESS
Kelly Ashton ties Michael Stevens to teach him how to own up to his own mistakes in MB-22.

THE GODDESS & THE GARDENER
Tory Sinclair cross-dresses and ties her hapless gardener.

BONDAGE LIFE PHOTO-QUIZ

THE MYSTERIOUS BUT HARMONIOUSLY HEADWRAPPED HEROINE

It's been said that one of the many good points of gags is that they bring out a bondagette's eyes. So you kick it up a notch until you cover up everything else, until her eyes are her only remaining facial feature — she becomes a woman of mystery...



Match the letters next to the photos of our mystery bondagettes with the names below and check your answers on page 53.

Kelly Ashton _____
Stacy Burke _____
Nancy Vee _____
Simone Devon _____

Tory Sinclair _____
Summer Knight _____
Daphne Meadows _____

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